

SPIRIT

OF THE

ENGLISH MAGAZINES.

NO. 6.]

BOSTON, JUNE 15, 1825.

[VOL. 3, N. S.]

MALE FLIRTATION.

LOVE is certainly the mainspring of our actions; it is the first dream of our youth; in after-life it is the wild thrill that excites our hopes, arouses our energies, imparts to our souls all its brightest influences and dearest associations; and in later years, it is subdued into the calm and soothing feelings which smooth our painful descent to the tomb. Yet, oh, how often, in the course of our little round of existence, do we fancy that passion is warming our hearts, when, could we calmly and seriously reflect upon, and coolly examine it, we should find the absorbing sensation to be any thing but love. The glow of youthful friendship, the intoxicating dream of fancied preference, and the fickle fleeting smile of giddy beauty, all excite, in our youth, a feeling new and undefinable. We are conscious of its warmth, and immediately call it love: we begin to carve on every tree,

"The good, the fair, the inexpressive she;"

it becomes necessary that we should change our carriage; it is no longer allowed to us to be gay but when the bright star of our hope beams upon us in our lady's eyes. We start at once into a new state of existence, attach ourselves to the bright object of our soul's idolatry, follow her at every turn, and unceasingly torment her with quotations from the love-minstrel of the Emerald Isle, until the very name of an Irish melody recalls to her some speech, some com-

pliment, or some promise we have made to her in the flowery, starlight phrase of Moore. This continues till the charm of novelty has passed; and then we begin to feel that what we imagined love was no more than a transient delirium, a lurid beam of fading light, a vain creation of overheated fancy. What is the consequence of this discovery?—We cease to talk of never-ending dreams of passion—our speeches are no longer drawn from "Songs of Love and Tales of Hope;" we have ceased to sing to her—

"Remember thee? Yes! while there's
life in this heart,
It ne'er shall forget thee, all lorn as thou
art."

We no longer haunt her solitary walks—her public promenades; we have forgotten to speak to her but in the plain formal phrase of common life. Should we have occasion to write to her, the seals bearing such significant mottos and devices as "Forget me not," or the pansy, entwined round "à vous," or a cynosure, or a cupid enthroned on an altar, inscribed "bonne foi," are most studiously avoided. In a short time this change of conduct attracts notice, whilst the fair object of our heartless trifling—probably, from her purity and truth the last to suspect such a change—has been betrayed, by her own native innocence, to believe that we really loved, and has opened her heart to receive that glow which never can be repressed, to warm with that flame

which, in woman's heart, never can be extinguished but with life. Her heart can know no change, and if the love she feels be not returned, then her hopes are at an end: she has no beacon to guide her beyond the light of love, and if that goes out, her future path must be gloom and darkness; she cannot survive her withered hopes, her blighted expectations, and death comes kindly to drop a veil upon the darkling prospect of man's inconstancy. Anticipation of this never enters our minds. We dream not of the consequences of our heedless cruelty, and leave that generous breast to pine, which we first taught to swell with love. That heart which we eagerly sought to obtain, which we regarded as a toy, and delighted ourselves to elate, we as suddenly forsake: like the gathered flower, for a time it yields us pleasure; then we cast it away, and leave it to perish, unheeded and unsolaced.

Could one of these fair, blighted spirits be followed into her hours of solitude—could her grief and anguish be disclosed,—could the intensity of her suffering, and the generous feelings of her soul, be laid open—what would be the sensation excited?—Could he, who has reduced her to this state, behold his hapless victim sinking beneath the weight of her sorrows; could he behold her in the height of her wrongs, praying, as she will pray, unceasingly for his prosperity, and never once reproaching him for the gloom he had cast over her, nor once accusing him as the author of her misery, what would be his feelings, his regrets, his sorrowings, his remorse? But he sees it

not—he knows it not—and, unconscious of the misery he has inflicted, seeks another victim, whom he may carry through the same round of hope, fear, and disappointment.

This is not an overcharged picture; many, many parallel instances lie within the range of my own observation. I could particularize individuals, but who would be benefitted? the lovely beings who suffer from such cruelty? assuredly not. Their beam of love has faded—

“Then what to them is the world beside,
Its fleeting joys, its fancied pleasures?”

The shade of disappointment lies darkling in their hearts, the agony of blighted hope is in their bosoms, and what can recal the bright bloom to the withered flowers! Nay, even should returning affection again warm the heart of the thoughtless flutterer who had reduced an ingenuous confiding creature to this state, would it avail? No, it might cast a gleam of joy upon her last hours, but it could not prolong the contracted span of her existence. The glimmering light of her life might flicker for a while, and shed a brighter ray around, but only to foretel the speedy extinction of the flame.

To you, ye fair, whose gentle hearts are ever ready to believe that the brighter shades of man's character preponderate, and to value him for it, I will say—beware! Reflect, before you suffer yourselves to be entangled in a net, from which you will find it impossible to escape. Think of the eastern fable of the spider's web, the wasps, and the flies!

PROGRESS OF MACHINERY.

THE formation of Mechanics' Institutions may justly be regarded as one of the most important events of the present age. As means of diffusing intelligence among a very important class of the community, of stimulating their inventive faculties,

and of inspiring habits of economy and the love of science, in the place of dissipation and idleness, more powerful agents could, probably, not have been devised: their influence on the well-being of society cannot be estimated. How much may be

effected by a practical engineer, when his energies are guided by the lights of science, we may partly conjecture, from what we know to have been done by two individuals of our own time—Watt and Fulton. They have effected an entire revolution in the arts of manufacture and navigation, and have multiplied the power and productive industry of this country incalculably. The effects, direct and collateral, of their mechanical discoveries will contribute, or, I may say, have already contributed more to change the face of society, and augment the wealth of nations, than the combined result of every discovery since the Reformation. Their discoveries rank, in importance, with that of printing. Yet these men were originally mere working mechanics—the one a watchmaker, the other a carpenter: and working mechanics they would, in all probability, have continued, had science never opened to their minds its ample page. To Watt we owe the steam engine, to Fulton (an American, an extraordinary man, though little known in this country) we are indebted for steam navigation. How many Watts and Fultons, Arkwrights and Wedgewoods, have passed away, like the “rath primrose,” unknowing and unknown. Ignorance sat upon their genius like some oppressive incubus, and stifled its exertions. What splendid results may we not anticipate from the knowledge which will be diffused, and the rivalry and competition that will be called forth, among the Institutions which are every day establishing in our principal towns? It may appear surprising, when we reflect on the rapidity with which they are spreading, that the idea of such Institutions had not occurred at an earlier period; the fact is, that they could flourish only when society had attained a certain degree of intelligence. It would be a vain attempt in countries where the elements of knowledge were not already laid among the bulk of the people, and where the popular mind had not already acquired a powerful impulse

toward the acquisition of knowledge. This is precisely the case among our artizans and manufacturing population. And hence the amazing success which is now attending this new species of scientific institutions. If such success has hitherto attended the exertions of mechanics, when a scientific mechanic was a phenomenon, what may we not expect when every mechanic shall be a man of science!

Every circumstance, in the past history of man, shews that the progress of improvement is unlimited, and that the degree of perfection to which the arts of life may attain, can neither be anticipated nor appreciated. The manner in which the discoverers, in the various branches of the arts and sciences, combine and multiply each other's power is truly miraculous. When Arkwright was employing his days and nights in bringing to perfection his spinning machinery, could he have imagined that vast multiplication of power which it would experience from its combination with the steam engine, which at that very moment was occupying the genius of Watt. Did Watt, when endeavouring to apply steam power effectually in draining the mines of Cornwall—was it possible that he could—anticipate that vast amount of manufacture which, within a few years, it was destined to put in motion? Was it possible he could see that the power he was then nurturing into existence, would in a very short period, be applied in every branch of our countless manufactures?—would be employed in the coarsest and most stupendous, in the finest and most delicate operations?—that, despite the power of winds and waves, it would speed the vessel across the ocean? or, by means of rail-roads, propel our carriages and waggons with a velocity that would heretofore have been deemed visionary, and a cheapness that should supersede the most penurious calculation?

What would our manufactories have been, but for the discovery of

steam power? What would have become of our most valuable mines, but for this resistless power? The vast mineral products, lodged in the bosom of our mountains, would have been unavailable—our most productive mines would have been flooded up.

Again, the advantages of rail-roads spring entirely from the application of steam power to them. Animal power would not have done: it would have presented but very few advantages over coaches and vans in the conveyance of passengers and goods. The advantage, in the transit of passengers, would have been none; and, in that of commodities, something in speed perhaps, but little or nothing in cheapness. But application of steam, at once, changes the whole matter. In the first place, it is immensely cheaper than animal power; in the next place, when the machinery shall be properly adapted to the purpose (a desideratum which mechanics will doubtless soon accomplish) a very small relative power will be capable of producing a very high degree of velocity; say ten or twelve miles an hour, or possibly more; and the progress of improvement and simplification will admit of no limit.

Those who may think me sanguine, I refer to the improvements which have taken place within the last thirty years. Let any man compare the Liverpool and New York packets,—their princely accommoda-

tions, the shortness of the passage—with those, say, of some twenty years ago. Instead of the clumsy transport vessels of those days, we have now absolutely floating palaces; instead of their low ill-fitted cabins, we have all the furniture and accommodations of a drawing-room. Instead of paying fifty or sixty pounds, we now pay thirty guineas; for which we have accommodations, provisions, wines and spirits, which could not be surpassed by any hotel in London; and, lastly, instead of being tossed about, for two months, or ten weeks, the passage is performed, on an average, in twenty or twenty-five days. Yet we are not arrived at any limit—the next twenty years will probably work as great a melioration. A passage across the Atlantic, or to the East-Indies, in a steam packet, may become as common and as safe a transit, as now from London to Edinburgh, or from Liverpool to Dublin.

A similar march of advancement might be traced in almost all the departments of mechanical industry. What may be the future triumphs of the arts must be reserved for the knowledge of posterity. The spirit of mechanical invention is still in its infancy. It is not twenty years† since the first steam-boat floated its banners on the waters of the Hudson; and little more than half that interval since the first was seen, in this country, on the Clyde; and some years elapsed before the steam navigation of the Clyde repaid the

* And how could the present national debt have been contracted, and the present burthen of taxation endured?—EDIT.

† Dr. Darwin, however (who, though his poetry be sometimes too philosophical, and his philosophy sometimes too poetical, was nevertheless, with all his allegorical hyperbole, and all his sacrifices to voluptuous melliflence in the mechanism of his verse, a man of genius), had prophetically anticipated this invention. The second edition of his *Botanic Garden*, now lying before us, was published in 1791 (thirty-four years ago); and from the first canto (v. 239) we transcribe the following passage—even the wildest speculations of which scarcely now appear to be extravagant.—ED.

Soon shall thy arm, Unconquer'd Steam! afar
Drag the slow barge, or drive the rapid car;
Or on wide-waving wings expanded bear
The flying chariot through the fields of air.
—Fair crews triumphant, leaning from above,
Shall wave their fluttering 'kerchiefs as they move;
Or warrior bands alarm the gaping crowd,
And armies shrink beneath the shadowy cloud.

owners. Some unfortunate accidents tended still farther to depress the public enterprize in the cultivation of this new power ; so that we may say it is not more than seven or eight years since this species of navigation was fully recognized and vigorously supported. Yet we have now regular steam-packets from London to Edinburgh, Liverpool, Calais, Rotterdam, Havre-de-Grace, Corunna, Cadiz, &c. ; from Liverpool

to Dublin, Greenock, &c. ; and within the last few days, a new steam-packet, the Enterprize, 500 tons, has been launched at Deptford, and is now in the dock, fitting out for the East Indies. The entrance of a steam packet, from the Thames, into the Ganges, will be an event rarely paralleled in magnitude :—one of the most splendid triumphs of science and art.

THE ESCAPED CONVICT.

He trod his native land,
The bright land of the free ;
His forehead wore a seared brand—
Impress of infamy !
His brow—where youth and beauty met—
Yes, there the seal-of guilt was set.

He gaz'd upon the vale,
Where spring-tide flow'rets slept,
Rock'd by the whispers of the gale ;
He saw it—and he wept ;
Like drops which page a storm they came,
Tears born in agony and shame.

Morn sat upon the hills,
But she look'd cold and dim ;
Clouds, like a pall which death conceals,
Hung frowning there on him :
All, e'en his lov'd, his mother land,
Scowl'd on his forehead, and the brand.

My sire ! my sire ! he groan'd ;
My home ! my lovely one !—
What sire ? he hath his child disown'd ;—
What home ? I—I have none ;
I hear all curse—I see all shun ;—
Yet curse not you ! not you—your son !

I saw her struck, whose cheek
Did myriad sweets disclose ;
Whose eyes, whose form—but wherefore
speak—

I saw !—my heart-blood rose ;
She lov'd me—she was sworn my bride ;
I stabb'd the Striker, and he died !

For this—the record lies,
Fest'ring upon my brow ;
For this—the rabble mock'd my cries ;
For this—shame haunts me now :
For this—half rotted I must be,
Ere my dead brow from stain is free.

My own, my beauteous land,
Land of the brave—the high :
I ask'd but this, of Fate's stern hand—
To see thee, and to die !
O yes, my country, let me be,
In my last hour—in death—with thee.

The Moon look'd on the vale,
Wearing her starry wreath,
And soft display'd a form, that, pale,
Lay there alone—with death ;
The Zephyr's drew a lengthened sigh,
And slow the Convict's corse pass'd by.

'Twas said, that lovely night,
A Spirit Youth was seen,
Gliding among the flow'rets bright,
The trees, and meadows green ;
And chiefly by a cot ; and there
It wept, and melted into air.

AMERICAN WRITERS.

[SEE PAGE 149.]

FESSENDEN—Dr: (we believe.) A "has been" of "American literature"—so called : author of a poem or two—so called : and, among others, which had a prodigious run, for a time, of "Terrible Tractoration ;" a parcel of stuff, in poor dog-
grel, about Perkins, the man, who, some twenty-five years ago, more or less, cured people of almost every thing—head-ache—lameness—cash—rheumatism—fever—common sense—on both sides of the water, with two small pieces of metal, which went

by the name of "metallic points," or "tractors." The wise men of America, by the way, were quite as foolish, credulous, and absurd, as ours. They made up their full quota of believers: like the French, while the wonders of animal magnetism were the "go:" like ourselves, now that craniology, etc. etc. are the creed of the orthodox.

Dr F. is a good prose writer; but about as much of a poet, as—as—now for it!—as the multiplication table, or Jeremy Bentham's "own self." He is the editor of some village newspaper, now; the prose part of which, is really worth reading; but his poetry—God forgive us for calling *any* doggrel, poetry—although "five lines *were* a day's work with him"—is—d——.

FRANKLIN—DR BENJAMIN. Of this extraordinary man, we could say much, that would be new to his countrymen; but, our limits will not permit of our doing it, worthily, now. We shall confine ourselves, therefore, to a few remarks; one or two short anecdotes; and a *faithful* account of his philosophical pretensions. His Life, partly written by himself, is, or should be, in the hands of every young person. It is a plain, homely narrative; remarkable for candour, sincerity, and good common sense. The style is clear, strong, and simple.

His Philosophical, Moral, Political, and Humorous Essays, are pretty well known. A word or two, however, concerning each class—by way of correcting certain errors, which are continually repeated.

The leading property of Dr Franklin's mind—great as it was—the faculty, which made him remarkable, and set him apart from other men;—the generator, in truth, of all his power—was *good sense*—only plain, good sense—nothing more. He was not a man of genius; there was no brilliancy about him; little or no fervour; nothing like poetry, or elo-

quence: and yet—by the sole, untiring, continual operation of this humble, unpretending quality of the mind; he came to do more, in the world of science; more, in council; more, in the cabinets of Europe; more, in the revolution of empires, (uneducated—or self-educated, as he was,) than five hundred others might have done; each with more genius; more fervour; more eloquence; and more brilliancy.

He was born of English parents, in Boston, Massachusetts, New-England, about 1706, we believe. When a lad, he ran away to Philadelphia. After a long course of self-denial, hardship, and wearying disappointment, which nothing but his frugal, temperate, courageous *good sense* carried him through, he came to be—successively—a journeyman printer, (or pressman, rather, on account of his great bodily strength,)—in a London printing-office;*—editor and publisher, at home, in Philadelphia, of many papers, which had a prodigious influence on the temper of his countrymen;—agent, for certain of the colonies, to this government;—an author of celebrity;—a philosopher, whose reputation has gone over the whole of the learned world—continually increasing, as it went;—a very able negotiator;—a statesman;—a minister plenipotentiary to France, of whose king he obtained, while the Bourbons were in their glory—by his great moderation, wisdom, and republican address, a treaty which enabled our thirteen colonies of North America to laugh all the power of Great Britain, year after year, to scorn;—yes—and all these things, did Benjamin Franklin, by virtue alone, of his *good common sense*.

He died, in 1790, "full of years, and full of honours;" the pride and glory of that empire, the very foundations of which, he had assisted in laying;—the very corner-stone of which, he had helped in to the ap-

* The very press, at which he worked, is now in the possession of Messrs Cox and Baylis—Great Queen's Street, Lincoln's-Inn-Fields—near the place where Dr-F. worked.

pointed place, with his own powerful hands. He was one of the few—the priesthood of liberty—that stood up, undismayed, unmoved, while the ark of *their* salvation thundered, and shook, and lightened in their faces;—putting all of them, their venerable hands upon it, nevertheless; and abiding the issue, while the “DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE” went forth, like the noise of trumpets, to the four corners of the earth. He lived, until he heard a warlike flourish echoing through all the great solitudes of America—the roar of battle, on every side of him—all Europe in commotion—her over-peopled empires riotous with a new spirit—*his* country quietly taking her place among the nations. What more could he wish?—Nothing. It was time to give up the ghost.

He was a great—and, of course—a good man. We have but few things to lay, seriously, to his charge—very few: and, after all, when we look about us: recollecting, as we do, the great good which he has done, *every where*; the little mischief that he has *done*—the less than little that he ever meditated, *any where*—in all his life—to the cause of humanity—we have no heart—we confess it—again to speak unkindly of him. The evil that Benjamin Franklin did, in the whole of his fourscore years—and upward, of life—was, in comparison with his good works, but as dust in the balance.

In his personal appearance, a few years before his death, he was very much like Jeremy Bentham, as *he* is, now.

In his moral temperament, he was altogether one of the old-fashioned Yankees—or New-Englanders—for they only are Yankees: one of that peculiar people, who are somewhat over zealous of good works. Like his countrymen, he was cool, keen, firm, cautious, and benevolent: a man of few words; yet able, nevertheless, with a part of those few—hardly more than a dozen, or twenty, at *one* time—to overthrow all opposition—to quiet a long debate—~~shame~~ the talk-

ative, and silence the powerful—in the state assembly, of which he was a member.

By nature, perhaps, like George Washington, whose character, by the way, is greatly misunderstood, he was a man of strong passions, which, after many years, by continual guardianship, trial, and severe discipline, he had brought entirely under his control. This, we say positively, *was* the character of Washington: this, we *believe* to have been the character of Franklin.

We happen to know something of the Doctor's determination, however, in two cases; both growing out of the same event, where the natural temper of the man broke out—blazed up, like a smothered fire—became visible, as it were, all at once, in spite of himself. Some time in the year 1767, or 8, he was in this country, acting as agent for some of our Transatlantic possessions. The troubles had already begun, there. One day, he went before the Privy Council, as agent, with a petition from the assembly of Massachusetts; or, more carefully speaking—one day, when a petition from the provincial assembly of Massachusetts-Bay, already presented by him, was taken up. He was treated with great indignity—insulted—grossly abused, by the Solicitor General, Wedderbourne. He bore it without any sign of emotion. All eyes were upon him. No change, or shadow of change, went over his face. His friends were amazed at his forbearance. They wondered at his equanimity—they were almost ready to reproach him for it. Such untimely self-command could only proceed from indifference to the great cause—or—so they thought—from a strange moral insensibility. On his way from the place of humiliation, they gathered about him. He stopped—he stood still—his manner—look—voice—were those of a man *who* has quietly concentrated every thought, every hope, under heaven—all his energies—upon a single point. “HIS MASTER SHALL PAY FOR IT,” said he, and passed on.

The other circumstance grew out of the same affair. As a mark of especial consideration, for the Privy Council, the Doctor appeared before them, in a superb dress, after the court fashion of the time. He wore it bravely—he looked uncommonly well in it. Finding, however, that his courtly garb, thus chosen, thus worn, had been of no avail, as a refuge or shelter, to him; that, on the contrary, it had only made him a better mark, and exasperated his adversary; that, worse than all, his considerate loyalty had been misunderstood for a piece of dirty adulation; or, worse yet,—for a piece of wretched foppery—he went, on leaving the Council, straightway home; threw the dress aside; and, from that hour, *never wore it again*, till the day, on which he went, with full power, into the court of the Bourbons, *to sign the treaty between France and America—the UNITED STATES OF AMERICA!* What must have been his feelings!—That paper gave the death-blow to British dominion over the western world. It was done—the threat was accomplished: Franklin was at peace with himself: the majesty of Great Britain *had paid*—bitterly paid, for the insolence of the Solicitor General.

It was while preparing himself, on this very occasion, for his appearance at Versailles, among the pride and flower of the French nobility, that a little circumstance occurred, which the Doctor was fond of relating, all his life, as finely characteristic of the French temper—full of resource—full of apology, such as it is—never to be taken by surprise.

He had ordered a fashionable court-wig to be made for the occasion; desiring Monsieur le Perruquier, whatever else he did (for the Doctor had already heard something of these encumbrances)—whatever else, to make it large enough. The wig was brought home, at a very late hour: nothing could be more stately, “superb,” or “magnificent.”—But when he came to try it on, the Doctor—otherwise the patient—found it insupportably tight. He complained: Monsieur le

Perruquier bowed. He remonstrated—grew red in the face; Perruquier bowed again. “It is too small, sir—too small entirely,” said Franklin—“altogether too small, sir.”—“*Après tout*,” answered Monsieur le Perruquier, cutting a light pigeon-wing before the Doctor—“*Après tout, Monsieur, ce n'est pas la per-ruque, qui est trop petite; c'est la tete, qui est trop grosse.*”—The Frenchman, with all his politeness, however, did not say, or think of saying—*c'est la tete, qui est trop grande*. If he had, perhaps the Doctor would have borne the headache more quietly.

But enough. Turn we now to his PHILOSOPHICAL ESSAYS. These are plain, downright, sensible papers, wherein all the world may see, that nothing is done for display; nothing for effect; nothing, without a serious consideration. The Doctor lays down, throughout, no proposition—strongly—positively—unless where he is justified by his own repeated, personal experience. He takes nothing for granted; he simply records the progress of his own experiments; putting his queries modestly—never flying off into hypothesis—and reserving his conjectures, for their proper place—a memorandum-book. It is gratifying to follow such a man; to observe his holy caution—his awful regard for truth, whatever may come of it—his faculty of explanation, which, half a century ago, when most of the subjects, upon which he wrote, were little understood, made whatever he thought as intelligible to other men, as if they themselves had also thought it.

In electricity, his bold, adventurous course of experiment, cannot be overpraised. It was unspeakably daring—sublime. It led, in every part of the globe, to fearless inquiry; a more intrepid zeal; a more peremptory mode of interrogating the dangerous elements:—it led, in short, every where, to noble adventures; brave experiments; rational doctrines; useful discoveries:—and, after seventy years of jealous, continual examination, has obtained, except in a few

particulars, for *his* theory—that of the self-educated American—a decided, open, almost universal preference among the philosophers of Europe.

To Franklin we owe the *knowledge*, that electricity and lightning are similar. He proved it; showed others how to prove it; and formed, without assistance, thereupon a scientific theory, which continues, of itself, to explain the principal phenomena of thunder-storms, lightning, and electricity. It had been suspected, before, by the Abbe Nolet; but, in throwing out his conjecture, the Abbe, himself, attached no value to it; and, without a question, had no idea of any method, by which the truth of it could be shewn. It was only one of those accidental vague thoughts, continually to be met with in the works of brilliant, flighty men, for whom the world are claiming the honour of all our discoveries—all our inventions—all our improvements—one after the other, as fast as they appear; as if to imagine were the same as to invent, or make:—as if to dream were to demonstrate;—as if to talk, without knowing why, of an idle, strange possibility, were to establish a great, useful truth:—as if a poet were a mathematician:—as if a writer, who may have said a century ago, on seeing the top of a tea-kettle forced off, or a coffee-pot nose explode in the fire—that, after a time, the smoke of water might be turned, *perhaps*, to account—were to have the credit, now, of our great steam discoveries:—nay, as if we ourselves, who, in our soothsaying capacity, now whisper, that, *perhaps*, the time will come, when star-light will be for sale in the jewelry-shops; put up, in lumps of crystal, for the rich—in plebeian glass, for the poor; when there will be turnpikes over the sea; when butterfly dust will be in common use among the miniature painters: when the better half, in truth, of all mankind, will be forever on the wing—each in her airs, literally, all the day long, in good weather—ostrich plumage at her back, instead of her head

—more flighty than ever—not merely coquetting, but *angelicising* with men—floating and flying literally; not figuratively:—when—but we pass over the elixir of life—the philosopher-stone—perpetual motion—the art of navigating the skies in soap or silk bubbles:—As if we, by reason of two or three audacious conjectures, were to have the credit hereafter, of all the discoveries that may be made in the matters or things, whereabout we have been gossiping.

To Franklin we owe the first idea of the *plus* and *minus*; or, in other words, of the *positive* state of electricity, and of the *negative*. M. Du Faye had previously seen a type, or shadow of the truth, in the two kinds of electricity, which he called vitreous and resinous: but, instead of pursuing the inquiry, or urging others to pursue it, he threw by his original idea, as erroneous. It fell into neglect. Franklin took it up anew, pursued it; obtained a result, which enabled him to solve a multitude of problems—that of the Leyden jar, among others—which had puzzled, for a long time, all the schools of Europe. This discovery, by the way, is claimed for Dr Watson. A single fact will show, with what propriety. The paper of Dr Franklin is dated July 11, 1747: that of Dr Watson, Jan. 21, 1748.

To Franklin, moreover, do we owe the consummation of proof respecting the sameness of electricity and lightning. He had previously discovered (what has been claimed for T. Hopkinson; but upon what grounds we do not know) the power of points upon electric matter. The first experiment, on Dr Franklin's plan, was made, in 1752, at Marley, near Paris, under the direction of M. d'Alibard. About a month after this, Franklin obtained a like result, in Philadelphia, by using a kite.

So, too, the discovery of *ascending* thunder has been claimed for the Abbe Bertholon, whose paper was published in 1776. Franklin's letter declaring the fact, and accounting for it, is dated in September, 1753.

After this, followed a series of minor discoveries ; experiments ; and explanations of electrical phenomena ; for most of which Dr Franklin has now full credit over Europe ; and if he had not, here is no place—this is no time—for doing justice to all parties.

Pass we on, therefore, to his POLITICAL ESSAYS ; merely remarking, by the way, that while he was ransacking the skies ; meddling with government ; plucking down, literally, the thunders of both upon his head ; he found leisure, with a few hints, to get up a set of musical glasses : to invent a stove, now in general use throughout America : to construct his lightning rods : give laws for swimming, which are inestimable ; establish a plan for libraries, which has been followed every where :—“&c. &c. &c.”

The political papers of Dr Franklin are worthy of great praise. They are profound, comprehensive, statesman-like. He saw, with a clear eye, the policy of nations ; foretold, with surprising accuracy, certain great political changes, which took, and are taking place. By his “Canada pamphlet,” he mainly contributed, while the elder Pitt was minister, to provoke that magnificent, bold enterprise, which ended in the complete, and perpetual overthrow of the French power, throughout all North America.

We have good reason to believe that he had a share in Paine’s powerful book,—“The Rights of Man.” He had, also, the hardihood, in 1785, when the whole coast of his country, from Georgia to Maine, was ready to swarm out with privateers, at a day’s notice, in case of war ; when the United States of America had no navy ; and, of course, no means of annoyance *but* privateers—to come out openly—denounce privateering ; and call it, in so many words, little better than piracy. A word of this, while passing.—Mr Munroe, and other leading political men of the United States, have begun to talk the same language—wherefore, a hint or two for them, before it is too late. Make war upon private property any where, at

sea, or on shore ; and *private* property will immediately become a species of *public* property. It will belong no more to individuals—but, altogether, to communities. Every capture will be the loss of some insurance company. The loss, therefore, will come upon the whole nation, without working the destruction of individuals who are helpless. It is, therefore, not so much a question of humanity, in a time of warfare—whether you will, or will not, assail private property—whether you will, or will not, spare the merchant, as it is of sound policy. The true question is this, for every people : are we—taking all the mischief into view—are we to gain or lose by privateering ?—A cowardly, cruel, piratical temper, is generated by it : property acquired by lawless adventure, is pretty sure to be wasted in debauchery or extravagance : great mischief—great profligacy—great interruption to the sober productive habits of a people, are likely to follow :—Privateersmen are a species of pirate. Granted—granted. But, after all, if you have no other way of defending yourself—no other way of driving your adversary to terms—why not let loose even the pirate upon him ? or—why restrain the pirate ? Self-preservation is the first law of nature. The enemy of *your* enemy is your friend—so far.

Doctor Franklin was a bold advocate for the Indians ; at a time, when they had hardly another white advocate upon the whole earth. He wrote in their behalf, like a philosopher—like a man—like a Christian. Some of his opinions, by the way, may be found in several of our *late* works—(very *late*, some of them)—upon the N. American savages. *Vide* Hunter’s Narrative, Colburn’s Magazine, &c. &c.

Till of late, it has been a habit with all the white Americans, to abuse and belie their copper-coloured brethren. Up to the time of Dr Franklin, this habit was universal. After him, followed Ramsay, with a voice, like that of a trumpet, in their behalf ; Irving, (see Knickerbocker—Intro.) with a brave, manly heart—a steady look—

and a powerful arm—but only for a few hours; Neal, who has never sheathed his weapon, for nearly eight years; a multitude of young writers, who are now tilting away, in behalf, not so much of the red Americans—their countrymen—as of themselves. They, the latter of these, are in the saddle, not because they understand, or care for the merits of the controversy; not because they pity the red men, or would atone for the outrage that has been heaped upon them, year after year; not because they care twopence about Indians, or anything else—except a week or two of newspaper popularity; but because it is now the fashion to be philanthropical.

So, too, in the slave trade—Franklin shewed himself to be the same friend of humanity. A paper of his, purporting to be the arguments of a Barbary slave-holder, in justification of himself and others, for holding white Christian slaves in captivity—

but, in truth, *being* a fine parody upon the speech of Mr Jackson, a Georgia slave-holder, in Congress—contains a masterly refutation of the arguments generally used by the southern planters of the United States.

Moreover—if any political economist of this day, will turn to a paper of Dr F.'s; entitled "Positions to be examined:" or to another concerning "Embargoes, Corn Laws, &c."—he will be amazed, we are sure. The science of political economy, he will find, has made much less progress, than he could have believed, since the days of Benjamin Franklin.

Of his humorous essays, we have only to say, that every body has heard of them. A part of his papers have been translated into all the languages of Europe, some into Latin. His "Poor Richard," and "Whistle," are two of a multitude, which have done, we believe, incalculable good, in our language, at least.

THE MUSICAL FAMILY.

IN an age of harmony like the present, when all who have, or who have not, any pretensions to make their appearance in a musical character, are educated to be first-rate performers; when the gamut is in close attendance on the alphabet, and when Logier's short cut to knowledge bids fair to go hand in hand with the National System in our charity schools, it may appear treasonable in me to breath an insinuation against the divine art, considered by many as a panacea for all the vexations of life, but instead of being the cure, I may safely say it has been the cause of all mine; and since complaint is ever a relief to the unhappy, I cannot longer refrain from laying open my sorrows to the compassion of the musical and unmusical readers, Mr Editor, of your valuable magazine.

I am a West Indian merchant, settled for many years in England, and my life had proceeded with uniform smoothness and prosperity, till intel-

ligence of the villainy of the agent of my estates laid me under the necessity of visiting Jamaica in person, to remedy the confusion of my affairs, which were in so complicated a state, and required such incessant watchfulness that I was forced to extend my absence to the term of two years, when I returned, with added wealth, to my wife and my three children. During my absence the letters of my wife had spoken loudly in praise of the great improvement of my offspring in all accomplishments, particularly in that of music, which I was very fond of, without pretending to much skill in it, and this intelligence gave me great pleasure. I remembered that formerly my eldest daughter, even to my unpractised ears, had seemed fearfully to murder the "Dead March in Saul," and my youngest had warbled the Mermaids' "Follow me," in a style very little likely to induce any adventurous admirer of syrens and scallop shells to accept

her invitation. I therefore imagined that I should hear these two favourite pieces performed with all due correctness; and in respect to my son, as he had scarcely begun to extract any audible sounds from the flute when I left England, I thought that if I found him master of the "Garland of Love," the "Rosebud of Summer," and "Auld Lang Syne," I should have no reason to complain of deficiency. Alas! how little did I anticipate the torrent of science and brilliancy which was to burst upon me! After the first meeting with my family was over, I was struck with an air of embarrassment which appeared in all of them when I spoke of going to my study, and which seemed scarcely accounted for by their telling me with much humility that they had converted it into a practising room while I was away. I entered it, merely expecting to find a grand piano-forte added to the usual furniture; but, alas! not a vestige remained of its former appearance; my book shelves were all taken down, my comfortable morocco chairs supplied by seats supported by sphinxes and mermaids, my Turkey carpet removed that it might not obstruct melodious sounds, and the desks secretaires, and writing-tables supplied by harmonicas, flageolets, Spanish guitars, harp-lutes, and violoncellos. I stood aghast. I could not reconcile it to my ideas of economy or common sense, how three people could have occasion for twenty instruments, unless like the celebrated performers at Sadlers' Wells, they had learned to play with their hands, mouth, and feet at once. I was speedily undeceived however, and informed they were for the benefit of such of their friends as did not bring their own instruments to their weekly concerts; at the same time they condescended to apologise for the protean transformation that my retreat had undergone, and to assure me that all my furniture and books were safely removed to one of the back attics, which I should find at least twice as comfortable, and twenty times as

airy. I was unwilling to enter into a dispute the first day of my return, therefore quietly submitted to this innovation on my rights, and began enquiring after some of my old friends and acquaintance; but the replies of my wife and daughters were so short and evasive, that I found they had seen little of them for some time. To compensate, however, for their silence on this head, they began to run over the names of many persons quite unknown to me, with whom they had lately formed intimacies, and of whom they expressed themselves in rather singular terms of praise. I was told that I should be enchanted with one lady, she had so much compass and pliability; that I should not like another so well, she was deficient in volume and modulation; that a certain gentleman ought to apply himself to Mozart, and let Beethoven alone; and that another would execute Bishop's new ballad to admiration, if he were not guilty of a defective half note in the last but one of the sixteen cadences, with which he generously ornamented it. This language was Persian or Arabic to me. I began to talk of Jamaica, its customs and habits, which I thought might prove entertaining to them, but they scarcely seemed to listen to me: and after a few enquiries about the "Ackee O" of the negroes, and the music of their marches and dances, they retired to practice a trio of Rossini's, for a concert to which they were engaged on the morrow. Left alone with my wife, I endeavoured to reason with her on the absurdity of the mania prevailing in our family; but she was already enlisted on the opposite side, and by dint of various arguments, and my own easiness of temper, persuaded me that our family was going on exactly as it ought to do; and that in a little while my attachment to music would be as strong as their own. I had plenty of opportunities of trying the truth of this assertion, for our house was perpetually filled with morning visitors, come to rehearse for the evening exhibitions, which regularly took place

either at our own house, or that of some of our acquaintance. Always wishing to accommodate myself to the habits of my company, I flattered myself that by admiring and applauding with rather more energy than I really felt, I might gain the character of a man of great taste, and a skilful judge of music; but, alas; there is a freemasonry among musical people, which I was not aware of, and I could not return the sign. I applauded in the wrong place; looked stupid when I ought to have been enraptured; asked to hear a song which had just been finished, and enquired the name of a lesson of Mozart's which was as familiar to the ears of the learned as Robin Adair or Jessy of Dumblain to those of the vulgar. In a little while I saw that I began to be considered as a very ignorant uneducated sort of a man, who occupied a place in musical society which might be better filled; and heartily did I wish that it could indeed be filled by another. Oh! the harrowing tedium of a musical evening to one of the uninitiated, the airs and lessons which have been heard fifty times before, and the clockwork murmur of applause at the same passages in them, the "bravo" which hails the singer's escape from a world of graces and cadences sufficient to produce suffocation in any ordinary throat, the hushed unbroken silence, the tiptoe stealing steps if the candles are impertinent enough to require snuffing in the midst of a performance, the reproving frown at the footman if he unfortunately enters with ices and lemonade at a critical moment, and the wave of the hand which sends him rapidly back, often to the destruction of half a dozen orgeat glasses, and to the disappointment of those who require a feast for something more than the ears. Oh! what have I not undergone on these evenings, and for what? not to cover myself with laurels, but to gain a civil sort of contempt; to be told by the lady of the house, after watching my nodding gestures for a quarter of an hour, that she is "fearful I do not

like music," and to see her receive my assurance that I am passionately fond of it with a smile of polite incredulity. Frequently, when driven from my own house in the morning by the din of rehearsal, which is much worse than performance, from the private disputes and wranglings which are then unceremoniously carried on, I have sought for peace and quietness in the far more tranquil retreat of Capel Court, and the other day returned home in tolerable spirits from having succeeded in a trifling speculation in the foreign funds. A musical party was held at our house that night, at which a celebrated public singer was expected to assist, and although I by no means approve the plan of mixing private and public performers, I was really well pleased with the person in question, whose skill, science, and tact, placed the amateurs present in a very disadvantageous light. I was just expressing my admiration (for once with sincerity) of his voice and style, when I overheard my wife whisper to a friend how amazingly fortunate she considered herself in having been able to procure him for her party at the trifling sum of fifty guineas. I am by no means an avaricious man, but this news had really the effect of an electric shock upon me. What did it avail that I should weave the web of fortune in the morning, if my labour, like that of Penelope, was all to be undone at night; my pleasure for the evening was gone. I could not admire a brilliant shake when I reflected that I paid at least half a crown for it, and every cadence seemed to me to entrap a handful of shillings and sixpences in its tortuous mazes. What provoked me the more, was that a half guinea concert ticket would have admitted me to hear the same singer, and the same airs in publick, and that I paid a hundred times that sum merely for the honour and privilege of seeing him sip my own lemonade, and recline himself upon my own Grecian couch. Although not much disposed to extract amusement from the fur-

ther events of the evening, I could not help feeling some interest in watching an elderly gentleman who tottered about the rooms, and went down to supper under the weight of a cremona, which he never laid aside for a moment, and which had it been on his back instead of under his arm, would have forcibly reminded me of Sindbad's old man of the mountain. I was on the point of offering to rid him of this incumbrance, when my son whispered to me that he kept it under his eye, because a very particular friend of his in the company, equally musical with himself, would not scruple, he had reason to believe, to take the opportunity of exchanging it for one of inferior value. I sincerely pitied this "very particular friend," for being exposed to such unworthy suspicions; but my feelings did not last long, for I found that although he was scarcely permitted to cast a glance towards the precious cremona, he was allowed to pay undivided attention to his friend's handsome young wife, and was even requested by him to assist her on with her cashmere, and to hand her to the carriage, while he was busily occupied himself in wrapping his treasure in treble folds of green baize, previous to depositing it in its case. Scandal has already begun to whisper that the fair lady stands upon dangerous ground; but whether she stand or fall, I fear that while she continues to warble "Down the burn, Davie," and "We're a' noddin," with her present excellence, she will be courted and caressed by my wife and daughters. Their friendship for her is too firmly fixed to be affected by a suit in Doctor's Commons: and could be shaken by nothing less than a cough or sore throat. Time was when they had the honest scruples respecting the character of their associates, which every woman should possess; but now they weigh the advantages and disadvantages of their visitors in no scale but the chromatic one. If a lady's voice is sufficiently in all, it is no matter how much her reputation may fall below

it; and if a gentleman's tones are decidedly bass, it concerns them little if his principles be so too. Such are the most serious of my grievances; but I have many minor ones which are continually tormenting me; one of them is the technical jargon which my daughters and their friends use on every occasion. The other morning, on entering my drawing-room, which was full of company, I heard them all bewailing the case of some unfortunate gentleman of their acquaintance, who had lately "dropped a note." I was so agreeably surprised at finding them discussing any subject in which I could join, that I enquired with much interest where he lost it, if he knew the number, and whether payment was stopped at the bank, when I was saluted with a general burst of laughter; and at length one of my visitors, more civil than the rest, condescended to inform me that the note said to be dropped by the gentleman in question, signified only that his voice had lost some high tones, which compelled him to take his best songs in a lower key. I was so disconcerted by the ignorance that I had betrayed, that I felt in my pocket for my snuff-box, which is my usual consolation in such cases, but I had then left it up stairs. I asked my son if he could lend me one, and he handed to me a superb gold one; on opening which, with the hopes of regaling my nose with Prince's Mixture, my eye was saluted with a variety of springs and wheels, and my ears with the tinkling sound of the Copenhagen Waltz. I must not omit to mention in this place, that on my return home, I found an excellent old family clock exchanged for one going very badly and continually out of order, but which, when it happens to be in repair, plays a few bars of a celebrated French tune every quarter of an hour, and the whole air at the close of it. How it goes, however, is of very little importance, for punctuality is one of the old fashioned virtues quite discarded by my family; since they have learnt to keep time

in their songs and concertos, they have quite neglected it on vulgar occasions, and their example is followed by others of their establishment. My shoes and boots are never brought up to my door in time, for the boy who cleans them is learning to scrape on the violin, and has just got into the overture to *Lodoiska*; the housekeeper's account book has fallen into sad confusion since she has been assisting my daughters to copy the manuscript songs of Sir Simon Semiquaver, a musical amateur of their acquaintance; and I have very serious thoughts of discharging the upper footman for idleness and neglect; but my daughters tell me they have just brought him to distinguish the class of performers whom he may interrupt by coming into a room, if he has a message to deliver, from those whom it would be high treason to disturb on any less occasion than one of life or death. And I have no right to distrust their opinion of his merits, for I heard him myself yesterday telling the butler that he meant to attend Covent Garden this winter every time that Sinclair performed, adding that his residence in Italy had "made him quite another thing." My wife partakes, as mothers are very apt to do, in the infatuation of her children. I can get her to converse on no subject but music. If I even enquire what is for dinner, I can obtain no satisfaction, although she can tell to a nicety how many covers were stipulated for by the last Italian syren, whose moderate offers were rejected by the miserly manager of the Opera House. She looks coolly on all my old friends; and the other day interrupted one of them in a long discussion on Columbian bonds, to ask when he had seen "*Don Giovanni*" last, and when he replied that he knew no one of that name, and enquired if he was a Spanish merchant, burst into a fit of laughter, which forced the poor man to make an abrupt retreat, and he has scarcely spoken to me since. My son, some years ago, chose the law as a profession, and seemed disposed

to apply to it assiduously; but law and music assimilate very badly; and Blackstone's commentaries are a dry study when compared with Moore's melodies. His clients complain that while they are detailing their cases to him, he is humming Italian airs, and that they have scarcely closed his office door before their retreating steps are pursued by the sound of his flute. This, however, is not the worst, he has lately become a passionate admirer of a celebrated female singer. He wears her miniature round his neck, wastes half his mornings in accompanying her on his flute, and attends in the green room every evening she performs; and I have been already wished joy of my future daughter-in-law with sneering irony by my city friends, and with real congratulation by such of my new musical acquaintance as consider "every qualification for making the marriage state happy," comprised in the knowledge of three instruments, and as many different styles of singing. My youngest daughter's health has been gradually falling into a very indifferent state; she unfortunately fancies herself peculiarly calculated for a bravura singer, and the "*Soldier tired*," and "*Monster, away*," have been of little benefit to delicate lungs, and an early tendency to consumption; this, however, gives her but trivial concern, she seems to think that she is additionally interesting from uniting the character of an invalid with that of an amateur. Buchan is in her hands whenever Artaxerxes is out of them; and I have scarcely paid the guinea to her singing master, before I am called upon to present a similar sum to her physician. She has begun likewise to fancy that a winter in some warmer climate would be of essential service to her. I recommended Torquay to her, but from some of that telegraphic intelligence which I have often wondered at the facility of musical people in obtaining, she has heard that there are no musical families residing there; and notwithstanding its perpetual roses and myrtles, declares that it

would be as bad as a Siberian banishment. The south of France she objects to on account of what she is pleased to denominate the flippancy of their style of music; but unluckily she has lately met with a gentleman just returned from Venice, who has given her so delightful an account of gondolas and serenades, that she imagines a few months in the bewitching climate,

"Where maidens sing sweet barcarolles,
"And echo sings again,"

would restore her thoroughly to health. I ventured to advise her to try for a single winter the dismissal of her singing master, abstinence from the opera house, and a reasonable portion of fleecy hosiery, but she will not listen to me, and I have no resource but submission to her expensive caprice. My eldest daughter gives me still more anxiety. She once was fortunate enough to attract the attention of a young man of good fortune and good sense, but who, she told me, with much gravity, she had reason to fear was "rather lukewarm and deficient in his musical principles." He sustained an alarming shock in her opinion from falling asleep during the representation of Rossini's *Zelmira*, but put the finishing stroke to his disgrace when having accompanied her to the opera of "*Il Fanatico per la Musica*," under a promise of better behaviour, he not only kept awake, but loudly applauded it, indulging at the same time in some obscure hints that "the piece was very true to nature." This was too great an insult to be forgiven. His offended mistress quoted to him the lines beginning "The man who has not music in his soul," (the only lines by the bye I had heard her repeat from her once favourite Shakespeare for many weeks, except when singing some deplorable ditties which she calls "Illustrations of him");

and thus ended all prospects of a most respectable and desirable connexion. I have likewise reason to apprehend that her resentment was fostered by the accomplished gentleman who condescends to instruct her in singing. I have watched a most ominous interchange of glances lately, and an alarming trembling of the voice in the duet of "*La ci darem*," The Ettrick Shepherd has not mentioned a taste for music in his "*Three Perils of Woman*;" but when I look round on the numerous songsters transplanted from the orchestra and concert room into the families of my musical acquaintance, I begin to tremble at the idea of sharing neighbours' fare. My daughter, when of age, will have an independent fortune, left her by her godmother, who being no craniologist, had not discovered the organ of folly in the head of her favourite; and I already begin to fear that her sister's projected excursion to Venice will be preceded by one of her own to Scotland; and that it is not without an object in view, that she has lately begun to exchange her scientific strains for the simple airs of "*Ye Banks and Braes*," and "*Green grow the rushes O*." Such is the state of my family affairs, I find it vain to attempt at improving or redressing them, and the only prospect I have of a remedy is, that perhaps if upon application to Captain Parry and his adventurous crew, they can give me credible information of some newly discovered island, whose frozen rocks have never echoed the sound of music, and whose icicles are guiltless of vibrating to the fervour of a song, I may, on an emergency, emigrate thither, leaving discord and confusion behind me, and rejoicing to have at length found a refuge where I may pass my old age in peace and harmony.

FROM THE GREEK.

He seeks a bitter life to end, by sad and desperate deed—
He had offered up at beauty's shrine the heart which now must bleed—
The fair one oft had pledg'd her vows to him, who loved too well,—
But left him—when misfortunes came—with GOLDEN AGE to dwell.

MASTER AND MAN.

"Master and Man" is only one of the many Legends in a *spirited duodecimo*, entitled "*Fairy Legends and Traditions of the South of Ireland*," for which we are indebted, we believe, to Mr Crofton Croker, whose preceding work on Ireland obtained so much deserved popularity. These tales are told in a genuine Irish style—just as a capital story-teller from among the people would relate them. Need we add, that they are characteristic and humorous? If so, let the following answer for us:

BILLY MAC DANIEL was once as likely a young man as ever shook his brogue at a patron, emptied a quart, or handled a shillelagh; fearing for nothing but the want of drink; caring for nothing but who should pay for it; and thinking of nothing but how to make fun over it: drunk or sober, a word and a blow was ever the way with Billy Mac Daniel; and a mighty easy way it is of either getting into or of ending a dispute.—More is the pity that, through the means of his thinking, and fearing, and caring for nothing, this same Billy Mac Daniel fell into bad company; for surely the *good people* are the worst of all company any one could come across.

It so happened, that Billy was going home one clear frosty night, not long after Christmas; the moon was round and bright; but although it was as fine a night as heart could wish for, he felt pinched with the cold. "By my word," chattered Billy, "a drop of good liquor would be no bad thing to keep a man's soul from freezing in him; and I wish I had a full measure of the best."

"Never wish it twice, Billy," said a little man in a three-cornered hat, bound all about with gold lace, and with great silver buckles in his shoes, so big that it was a wonder how he could carry them; and he held out a glass as big as himself, filled with as good liquor as ever eye looked on or lip tasted.

"Success, my little fellow," said Billy Mac Daniel, nothing daunted, though well he knew the little man to belong to the *good people*; "here's your health, any way, and thank you kindly; no matter who pays for the drink;" and he took the glass and

drained it to the very bottom, without ever taking a second breath to it.

"Success," said the little man; and you're heartily welcome, Billy; but don't think to cheat me as you have done others,—out with your purse, and pay me like a gentleman."

"Is it I pay you?" said Billy: "could I not just take you up and put you in my pocket as easily as a blackberry?"

"Billy Mac Daniel," said the little man, getting very angry, "you shall be my servant for seven years and a day, and that is the way I will be paid; so make ready to follow me."

"When Billy heard this, he began to be very sorry for having used such bold words towards the little man; and he felt himself, yet could not tell how, obliged to follow the little man the livelong night about the country, up and down, and over hedge and ditch, and through bog and brake without any rest.

"When morning began to dawn, the little man turned round to him and said, "You may now go home, Billy, but on your peril don't fail to meet me in the Fort-field, to-night; or if you do, it may be the worse for you in the long run. If I find you a good servant, you will find me an indulgent master."

Home went Billy Mac Daniel; and though he was tired and weary enough, never a wink of sleep could he get for thinking of the little man; but he was afraid not to do his bidding, so up he got in the evening, and away he went to the Fort-field. He was not long there before the little man came towards him and said, "Billy, I want to go a long journey to-night; so saddle one of my horses, and you may saddle another for yourself, as

you are to go along with me, and may be tired after your walk last night."

Billy thought this very considerate of his master, and thanked him accordingly: "But," said he, "if I may be so bold, sir, I would ask which is the way to your stable, for never a thing do I see but the Fort here, and the old thorn tree in the corner of the field, and the stream running at the bottom of the hill, with the pit of bog over against us."

"Ask no questions, Billy," said the little man, "but go over to that bit of bog, and bring me two of the strongest rushes you can find."

Billy did accordingly, wondering what the little man would be at; and he picked out two of the stoutest rushes he could find, with a little bunch of brown blossom stuck at the side of each, and brought them back to his master.

"Get up, Billy," said the little man, taking one of the rushes from him, and striding across it.

"Where shall I get up, please your honour?" said Billy.

"Why, upon horseback, like me, to be sure," said the little man.

"Is it after making a fool of me you'd be," said Billy, "bidding me get a-horseback upon that bit of a rush? May be you want to persuade me that the rush I pulled but while ago out of the bog over there is a horse!"

"Up! up! and no words," said the little man, looking very angry; "the best horse you ever rode was but a fool to it." So Billy, thinking all this was in joke, and fearing to vex his master, straddled across the rush: "Borram! Borram! Borram!" cried the little man three times (which, in English, means to become great), and Billy did the same after him: presently the rushes swelled up into fine horses, and away they went full speed: but Billy, who had put the rush between his legs, without much minding how he did it, found himself sitting on horseback the wrong way, which was rather awkward, with his face to the horse's tail; and so quickly had

his steed started off with him, that he had no power to turn round, and there was therefore nothing for it but to hold on by the tail.

At last they came to their journey's end, and stopped at the gate of a fine house: "Now, Billy," said the little man, "do as you see me do, and follow me close; but as you did not know your horse's head from his tail, mind that your own head does not spin round until you can't tell whether you are standing on it or your heels: for remember that old liquor, though able to make a cat speak, can make a man dumb."

The little man then said some queer kind of words, out of which Billy could make no meaning; but he contrived to say them after him for all that; and in they both went through the key-hole of the door, and through one key-hole after another, until they got into the wine-cellar, which was well stored with all kinds of wine.

The little man fell to drinking as hard as he could, and Billy, nowise disliking the example, did the same. "The best of masters are you, surely," said Billy to him; "no matter who is the next; and well pleased will I be with your service if you continue to give me plenty to drink."

"I have made no bargain with you," said the little man, "and will make none; but up and follow me." Away they went, through key-hole after key-hole; and each mounting upon the rush which he left at the hall door, scampered off, kicking the clouds before them like snow-balls, as soon as the words, "Borram, Borram, Borram," had passed their lips.

When they came back to the Fort-field, the little man dismissed Billy, bidding him to be there the next night at the same hour. Thus did they go on, night after night, shaping their course one night here, and another night there—sometimes north, and sometimes east, and sometimes south, until there was not a gentleman's wine-cellar in all Ireland they had not visited, and could tell the flavour of every wine in it as well—ay, better—than the butler himself.

One night when Billy Mac Daniel met the little man as usual in the Fort-field, and was going to the bog to fetch the horses for their journey, his master said to him, "Billy, I shall want another horse to night, for may be we may bring back more company with us than we take." So Billy, who now knew better than to question any order given to him by his master, brought a third rush, much wondering who it might be that would travel back in their company, and whether he was about to have a fellow-servant. "If I have," thought Billy, "he shall go and fetch the horses from the bog every night; for I don't see why I am not, every inch of me, as good a gentleman as my master."

Well, away they went, Billy leading the third horse, and never stopped until they came to a snug farmer's house in the county Limerick, close under the old castle of Carrigogunniel, that was built, they say, by the great Brian Boru. Within the house there was great carousing going forward, and the little man stopped outside for some time to listen; then turning round all of a sudden, said, "Billy, I will be a thousand years old to-morrow."

"God bless us! sir," said Billy, "will you?"

"Don't say these words again, Billy," said the little man, "or you will be my ruin forever. Now, Billy, as I will be a thousand years in the world to-morrow, I think it is full time for me to get married."

"I think so too, without any kind of doubt at all," said Billy, "if ever you mean to marry."

"And to that purpose," said the little man, "have I come all the way to Carrigogunniel; for in this house, this very night, is young Darby Riley going to be married to Bridget Rooney; and as she is a tall and comely girl, and has come of decent people, I think of marrying her myself, and taking her off with me."

"And what will Darby Riley say to that?" said Billy.

"Silence!" said the little man, putting on a mighty severe look; "I

did not bring you here with me to ask questions;" and without holding farther argument, he began saying the queer words, which had the power of passing him through the key-hole, as free as air, and which Billy thought himself mighty clever to be able to say after him.

In they both went; and for the better viewing the company, the little man perched himself up as nimbly as a cock-sparrow upon one of the big beams which went across the house over all their heads, and Billy did the same upon another facing him; but not being much accustomed to roosting in such a place, his legs hung down as untidy as may be, and it was quite clear he had not taken pattern after the way in which the little man had bundled himself up together. If the little man had been a tailor all his life, he could not have sat more contentedly upon his haunches.

There they were, both master and man, looking down upon the fun that was going forward—and under them were the priest and piper—and the father of Darby Riley, with Darby's two brothers and his uncle's son—and there were both the father and the mother of Bridget Rooney, and proud enough the old couple were that night of their daughter, as good right they had—and her four sisters with bran new ribbons in their caps, and her three brothers all looking as clean and as clever as any three boys in Munster—and there were uncles and aunts, and gossips and cousins enough to make a full house of it—and plenty was there to eat and drink on the table for every one of them, if they had been double the number.

Now it happened, just as Mrs Rooney had helped his reverence to the first cut of the pig's head, which was placed before her, beautifully bolstered up with white savoy, that the bride gave a sneeze which made every one at table start, but not a soul said "God bless us." All thinking that the priest would have done so, as he ought if he had done his duty, no one wished to take the word out of his mouth, which unfortunately

was pre-occupied with pig's head and greens. And after a moment's pause, the fun and merriment of the bridal feast went on without the pious benediction.

Of this circumstance, both Billy and his master were no inattentive spectators from their exalted stations. "Ha!" exclaimed the little man, throwing one leg from under him with a joyous flourish, and his eye twinkled with a strange light, whilst his eyebrows became elevated into the curvature of Gothic arches—"Ha!" said he, leering down at the bride, and then up at Billy, "I have half of her now, surely. Let her sneeze but twice more, and she is mine, in spite of priest, mass-book, and Darby Riley."

Again the fair Bridget sneezed; but it was so gently, and she blushed so much, that few except the little man took, or seemed to take, any notice; and no one thought of saying "God bless us."

Billy all this time regarded the poor girl with a most rueful expression of countenance; for he could not help thinking what a terrible thing it was for a nice young girl of nineteen, with large blue eyes, transparent skin, and dimpled cheeks, suffused with health and joy, to be obliged to

marry an ugly little bit of a man, who was a thousand years old, barring a day.

At this critical moment the bride gave a third sneeze, and Billy roared out with all his might, "God bless us!" Whether this exclamation resulted from his soliloquy, or from the mere force of habit, he never could tell exactly himself; but no sooner was it uttered, than the little man, his face glowing with rage and disappointment, sprung from the beam on which he had perched himself, and shrieking out in the shrill voice of a cracked bagpipe, "I discharge you my service, Billy Mac Daniel—take *that* for your wages," gave poor Billy a most furious kick in the back, which sent his unfortunate servant sprawling upon his face and hands right in the middle of the supper-table.

If Billy was astonished, how much more so was every one of the company into which he was thrown with so little ceremony: but when they heard his story, Father Cooney laid down his knife and fork, and married the young couple out of hand with all speed; and Billy Mac Daniel danced the Rinka at their wedding, and plenty did he drink at it too, which was what he thought more of than dancing.

A VISIT TO THE NATURAL BRIDGE.

FROM THE UNPUBLISHED JOURNAL OF AN ENGLISH TRAVELLER.

FEW travellers have been in Virginia without visiting that stupendous work of nature, called the Natural Bridge, over Cedar Creek, in the county of Rocksbridge. Our curiosity had been excited by the accounts of the "natives," and a party was formed for the excursion, which we resolved to make as pleasant and agreeable as possible. From Lexington (the county town) the distance is about fourteen miles, and Charles Ridley, with the three young ladies, Mr Randolph, an American gentleman, and myself, having hired a chaise of comfortable dimensions

for the day, set out immediately after breakfast on a fine morning in July, and arrived at the creek after a three hours' drive through a thickly wooded country.

Our carriage and horses were tethered at the foot of the bridge, and we prepared to ascend the arch, which rose above the waters that flowed beneath, to the height of 240 feet. The entire mass is formed of limestone, and the view of it is one of the most awful that can be conceived. At the bottom, the arch is between forty and fifty feet wide; but one of the abutments falls back

considerably, so that at the top it is not less than ninety feet from side to side. A road is formed over its surface, which is a gentle slope; and on one side a parapet of rocks allows you to approach with safety and gaze on the gulph below, whilst the other is thickly studded with trees, and slopes down to the chasm. The breadth of this sublime work of nature is said by Mr Weld to be about eighty feet, and I should think he is not far from correct; whilst its thickness is estimated at from forty to fifty. Those who have only viewed nature on a small scale, in the old world, can form but a faint idea of the impression produced by the sight of this gigantic and magnificent spectacle. We gazed upon it with awe and admiration, and when looking down from the summit, an indescribable emotion of terror was excited by the view of "the massy walls, the deep winding valley, the rushing stream, and the distant hills." A comparison of this structure, erected by the divine architect, with the pigmy edifices of man, was naturally forced upon our minds; and the durability of the one, whilst the others were rapidly falling to decay, under the corroding hand of Time,

"That aged carl, so stern and grey,"

afforded an impressive lesson to the moralist.

"Tadmor's domes and halls of state,
In undistinguished ruin lie;
Rome's proud empire yields to fate,
And claims the mournful pilgrim's sigh.

But while relentless Time impairs
The monuments of crumbling art,
This pile unfading beauty wears,
Eternal in its every part."

Having satisfied ourselves with gazing, and created an appetite by our exertions, we made preparations for partaking of a pic-nic repast. Our servant, who had acted as coachman, brought from the chaise a large hamper of provisions, containing cold pigeon and partridge pies, ham, and other delicacies, with several bottles of excellent wine. The poor fellow never

toiled so hard in his life as he did to reach the summit of the bridge with his burden; and when he had mastered the ascent, he declared that he would not undertake another such a job, no, not if we would give him the bridge to plant in his garden! This instance of the bathos convulsed us with laughter, for the plot of ground which the poor fellow termed a garden, and in which this bridge was to be set, did not exceed twenty-four feet square, and was merely a plot for sweet potatoes, the only thing he grew in it.

Our cloth was spread under a hickory tree which sprung up on the outside of the parapet of rocks I have before mentioned; and perhaps we were the first travellers who had dined beneath its shade. The novelty of our situation gave a charm to the meal, and imparted to our bosoms an indescribable sensation of delight, mixed with awe. Here we were suspended between heaven and earth, looking down upon the gulph of waters that foamed, and roared, and lashed the solid rock, in wild impotence—whilst the wide heavens formed our canopy, and the green turf our seat. The scene, though not strictly accordant, reminded me forcibly of Barry Cornwall's lines illustrating the site of the Convent of Laverna:—

"Chasms of the early world are yawning
there,
And rocks are seen, craggy, and vast, and
bare,
And many a dizzy precipice sublime,
And caverns dark as death, where the
wild air
Rushes from all the quarters of the sky:
Above, in all his old regality,
The monarch eagle sits upon his throne,
Or floats upon the desert winds alone."

There was a sense of grandeur mingled with our other feelings: we felt elevated above other men, and our minds were impressed with a fervent sense of the majesty and magnificence of the works of God.

Our meal over, as Miss Eliza Ridley possessed a fine voice, we requested her to favour us with a song,

to afford us an opportunity of witnessing the effect of the echo, which we had been told was indescribably grand. She complied, and warbled Ariel's song in the *Tempest*, "Merrily merrily shall I live now," in a style which held our senses captive, particularly when the voice of the songstress became mingled with the reverberating echoes, which had an uncommonly fine effect. Her sister Maria next sang the Rev. William Leeve's pathetic ballad of "Auld Robin Gray," and our tears being put in requisition, duets and glees followed, for upwards of two hours, and we would have remained two hours longer, if the sky had not become overcast, and given indications of the approach of one of those thunder gusts, which are so common in the summer season in the United States. James was therefore sent forward to prepare the chaise, and we followed, "singing as we went," not for want of thought, but to con-

tinue the pleasure of hearing the echoes, as long as possible.

I do not know that I ever felt so much the folly and meanness of indulging precontracted and sordid ideas, of cultivating an unsocial propensity, or of closing the avenues of our hearts to the advances of friendship, to the claims of compassion, or to the calls of sympathy, as on this occasion. *My* heart seemed to expand with the scene; and I longed to see all mankind united in one social bond of fellowship and peace.

Our chaise was soon ready, and we got in, just in time to escape a complete ducking from the rain, which for about a quarter of an hour, fell in torrents. The clouds soon after dispersed, the sun shed his departing rays in glory upon us, and we reached Lexington in time for a social cup of tea, my favourite refreshment after a journey, highly pleased with our excursion.

THE RAPTURE OF BENEFICENCE.

A FRAGMENT.

Joy ! joy, for the blessings that fate hath given,
This meritless hand of mine to bestow !
Have I footed the amaranth meads of heaven,
That flowers are springing wherever I go?

A queen rush'd out of her castle walls ;
Her step was hurried, her look was wild,
For the flames were over her stately halls,
And there stood at a casement her only child.

" I'll give to the man who will save him now,
The costliest treasures my realm has in store !"
I saw the fair boy with a fearless brow,
And I reach'd in a moment his chamber's door.

The air was black, but I thought it sweet,
For I knew the young cherub was breathing it, too ;
I laid the babe at it's mother's feet,
I beheld her clasp it, and off I flew.

She proffer'd both riches and honours great
To him who had acted that perilous part ;
But the boon, though noble, was offered too late,
I had carried a richer one home, in my heart.

A captive pined in a sickly gleam,
That showed him the toads of his dungeon-floor ;
I bade him go back in the day's broad beam,
And enter his darkling cell no more.

But I followed him softly out, to spy
How the joy-drops down his cheek would rain,
And to watch, as he dotingly gazed on high,
Heaven's blue coming into his eyes again.

I saw it, I saw it ! and saw, as well,
A wife on his neck and a child on his knee ;
And I thought, even *then*, 't would be hard to tell
Which was the happier—I or he.

TERROR AND MADNESS.

LUIGI and Uberto two young Romans, were brought up together at the university of Padua. On returning to their native city, they gave themselves up to the study of the fine arts; their friendship increased to such a degree, that they acquired the name of the *inseparables*; Luigi pursued the profession of music; Uberto that of painting. The former had an unmarried sister who soon won the heart of his friend, and they became brothers. All that could embellish and endear existence seemed combined to augment the happiness of this estimable family. The paintings of Uberto were admired by the best judges, and the operas of Luigi were not less successful. Hortensia, the happiest of wives and sisters, became also the happiest of mothers, and made Uberto the father of two lovely children. Luigi at this time was obliged to visit Florence, to compose an opera for one of the theatres of that city; he hesitated about quitting his friends, but a nobleman having made some advantageous offers to Uberto, they each decided to accept the several propositions. Hortensia, with her children, accompanied Uberto to Naples, whence after an absence of five or six years, they were to meet again in Rome. Every thing succeeded to their wishes, the labours of the painter were generously recompensed by a patron who knew how to appreciate his genius, and Luigi for once had nothing to urge against the liberality of managers. They agreed, by letters, to arrive in

Rome on the same day, never again to separate. Luigi arrived at the appointed time, and found every thing ready for his reception; he waited with impatience for his kinsmen, but the day passed away, and they came not. At midnight he laid down, believing that they had been delayed by some of the ordinary accidents of travelling; he had slept about two hours, when, awakened by a sudden noise, he rushed in haste to embrace his friends, and beheld Uberto, his hands and face covered with blood, and supported by two men. As soon as he saw Luigi, Uberto threw himself into his arms, and uttering a cry of despair, fainted away. One of the men related that Uberto, when about four leagues from Rome, had been attacked by brigands, and, deserted by his companions, had vainly sought to repel the assassins, and fell bathed in blood; when, at the arrival of other travellers, the robbers fled. The conductor was severely wounded, and, two of his travelling companions had disappeared with the banditti, nor was any trace left of Hortensia and her children. Uberto for some time gave no other signs of life than a feeble utterance of his wife's name; Luigi, almost as desperate as his friend, still preserved the courage which we feel at the sight of a man more wretched than one's-self in want of assistance. When Uberto recovered his senses, he recovered at the same time part of his firmness: he was young, and an Italian: youth hopes to the last, and an Italian never for-

gets the duty of revenge. He had lost a great deal of blood from his wounds, though they were not very dangerous; day and night he was calling on the names of his wife and children, and Luigi, to soothe his grief, spoke without daring to believe it, of the probability of their being one day restored to him. "Yes," replied Uberto, "we shall find them again; but when? and how? my wounds are healed, let us go in pursuit of them."

The unhappy husband sought in vain to recollect whether, during their residence in Naples, his wife had been the object of any libertine admiration, but such had been the perfect freedom of her movements, that he had no circumstances to assist such a conjecture. The travellers who came to his relief, again assured him that they could discover no traces of her; he was constantly disturbed by the most unreasonable fancies, and happiness seemed to have deserted him forever. To divert his attention from sorrow, Luigi began to prepare for the expedition; he sought, also, to revive his old love of antiquity, and believing that occupation of the body was one means of giving repose to the mind, he proposed a pedestrian excursion into the Calabrias. Thrown amongst all the wildness and grandeur of nature, they were obliged to traverse the most difficult and rarely trodden paths, to penetrate the most savage districts, along the borders of torrents, or the edge of precipices, until the desolate and sometimes sublime aspect of the scenery, began to displace in Uberto's mind the feelings of desperate sorrow for those of a wild and dreary melancholy. After several days' march, they approached the eastern coast of Italy, near the pleasant banks of the Servaro. On both sides rose up lofty hills covered with thick and extensive forests, which threw a dark and solitary gloom over the river and valley. One evening they arrived at a hunting house belonging to the King of Naples, where they were received with the most welcome

hospitality. "We shall not find her here!" said Uberto: "and why not?" replied Luigi.

The keeper of the chase, who had treated them so kindly, appeared plunged in deep grief, and his sadness did not escape the regard of Luigi. He discovered that the unhappy man had wept for the last three months over the loss of an only daughter, who had been carried off by force. The similarity of their condition brought about a reciprocal confidence between the sufferers. In the course of their conversation, Uberto learned that a troop of Calabrians had a camp not far from the ruins of Canna, which no one was permitted or dared to approach. Thither Uberto and Luigi directed their steps. They visited the ancient *Troja* regarded as having been the key to the Appenines, and descended the mountains into the vast plains of Apulia. Near the middle of the plain lies Tugia, one of the largest towns in the Capitanata; and some twenty miles further, in Manfredonia, they reached the foot of Mount Garganus. After passing several other towns and ruins, they came to the site of the ancient Canna. Their guide endeavoured to divert them from stopping there, saying that the roads were unsafe, that hordes of robbers took refuge in the ruins, which no traveller for years had dared to penetrate, and that during the night cries and groans were often heard to issue from the subterraneous chambers. "There was a Signor Rodolpho who dwelt in these ruins for many years, as I have heard my grandfather speak of him, and he dwells here still. There, that is he, passing along behind those stones, wrapped in a large mantle. He sees us: let us fly!"—"No," said Uberto, "go back to the town, and say that we will return tomorrow." The two friends would almost have sacrificed their lives to behold again but for a moment their lost Hortensia and her children, and something whispered to them that she might be here. They were sufficiently well

armed not to be afraid of an equal force, and against a larger one, their wretchedness, they thought might serve as a protection. The guide departed; and approaching Signor Rodolpho, they requested a lodging for the night, in order that they might visit the next day those ruins which had been rendered so famous by the exploits of Hannibal. He bade them follow him, which they did. They found him a much younger person than the guide's information led them to believe. His cheeks were covered with a copper-coloured beard, and his countenance displayed a mixture of the amiable and the ferocious, the gallant and the assassin. He pulled a cord which hung by the side of an old ruined archway, and two men in masks approaching, he said to the friends, "if you wish to remain here to-night, you must lay aside your arms, which will be restored to you in the morning." Although this proposal filled them with alarm, yet they consented, as it was too late to retreat. After they were disarmed, Rodolpho led them through several subterraneous passages, into a large, cold and damp apartment, the walls of which were covered with decayed mosaics, and in this they were to remain for the night. Rodolpho, leaving a bronze lamp behind him, wished them a good night's rest, and locked very carefully the door after him. "My brother," said Luigi, "do you suspect nothing?" "Alas! there is but one subject which occupies my thoughts: I have no fears for anything else. Let me behold them once more, and I shall die happy." "I know not whence it comes," observed Luigi, "but I have a strong presentiment that we shall behold them once more! keep up your spirits, then and when we are all in Rome again, we will talk over our present situation. This hope preserved Uberto from the alarms which otherwise would have seized him. He fancied that Rodolpho had disarmed them as a precaution for his own safety, and began to think their ap-

prehensions chimerical. Tired and sleepy, they turned to the bed before them, but, repelled by its filthiness, they set fire to some pieces of wood lying on the hearth, and resolved to pass the night in their chairs. Uberto discovered that he had omitted to give up all his arms, having retained his pistols, one of which he gave to his friend. Luigi soon fell asleep, and Uberto's thoughts wandered at large in the fields of imagination; his eyes were fixed on the hearth, when suddenly the chimney and the wall seemed to vanish from his sight. The chamber itself changed its character, and he found himself no longer in a damp and humid cell, but in a lofty spacious saloon, sparkling with a thousand lamps, and filled with preparations for a sumptuous feast. Two side doors opened, and he beheld a crowd of senators enter in all the pomp of Roman dignity, attended by young slaves, crowned with flowers, and women dazzling from their beauty and dress. They all ranged themselves silently in two files, apparently waiting for some one, when a personage, dressed in robes of purple and gold, advanced. The senators knelt to the earth, and sounds of triumphant music filled the air. Uberto thought he discovered in this person the features of Rodolpho, but the guests saluted him by the name of Cæsar, and the incestuous conduct of Agrippina convinced him that it was Nero surrounded by his court. The tyrant, extended on a couch, listened for a short time with disdain to the flatteries and beguilements of the shameless throng, till at last he arose, and approaching Uberto, said: "Young stranger, I read in your soul the astonishment excited by the re-appearance of a prince believed to be dead for so many centuries. You share, no doubt, the horrors with which my name has inspired the world; but Nero deserved not a lasting death, the gods have condemned him to live and die every day until he shall have purged away his crimes: such is the will of eternal justice! I am

condemned to live here, where the greatest enemy of Rome triumphed, long before the universe echoed with the story of my wickedness: and yet I was not cruel from my birth; but when flattery steals into the palace of a king, crime will not be far behind. Behold these courtiers!—look at my own mother who first corrupted my tender age! look at them as they appear in the view of heaven!” As he spoke the garments fell away from the crowd as if by magic, and they stood naked before him; their skins became pale and livid; their flesh dropped from their bones, and disgusting reptiles crawled over them. The assembly but a moment before so brilliant, now appeared to Uberto a collection of hideous skeletons, rattling together, and uttering the most fearful yells. “This,” said the tyrant, “is the daily spectacle offered to my sight, and the sufferings of these monsters is my only enjoyment, and such must it continue until some virtuous man shall shed my blood; this is the reason why I disarm all who enter these ruins and ask for an

asylum.” Uberto, almost frozen with dread, hesitated what to do; his hand grasped the pistol, when suddenly Hortensia and her children stood before him, and said: “Will you not then deliver us?”—At these words he placed the pistol against the breast of the tyrant and fired. The whole scene, Nero with his horrid assembly of skeletons, Hortensia and her children, the lights, feasts and splendour, all disappeared. Uberto stood before the fire; his pistol was in his hand, and the room full of smoke. He called on Luigi, but Luigi was stretched at his feet a breathless corpse; he had murdered his brother and friend. From this moment his senses left him never to return, and the remainder of his life was passed in an hospital at Rome.

Of the fate of Hortensia more never was known, than that on the day the brothers quitted Rome, some fishermen had discovered the bodies of a female and two children floating in the Tiber.

MORNING.

THERE is a parting in Night's murky veil,
 A soft, pale light is in the eastern sky;
 It steals along the ocean tremblingly,
 Like distant music wafted on the gale.
 Stars, one by one, grow faint, and disappear,
 Like waning tapers when the feast is o'er;
 While, girt with rolling mist, the mountains hoar
 High o'er the darkling glens their tops uprear.
 There is a gentle rustling in the grove,
 Though winds be hush'd; it is the stir of wings,
 And now the sky-lark from her nest up springs,
 Trilling, in accents clear, her song of love;
 And now heaven's gate in golden splendour burns—
 Joy to the earth, the glorious Sun returns!

NIGHT.

I LOVE thee when thou comest, glorious Sun,
 Out of the chambers of thy watery dwelling;
 I love thee when thy early beam is telling
 Of worlds awakened, and man's toil begun;
 I love thee, too, when o'er the western hill
 Thy parting ray in golden hue is stealing,
 For then the gush of soft and pensive feeling

Speaks to the labouring bosom, peace, be still ;
But thou art not so lovely to mine eye
At morning, balmy eve, or busy noon,
As is thy gentle sister, the pale Moon,
Which shineth now in yon unclouded sky ;
Then let me forth to drink her mellow ray ;
Who would exchange it for the gaudy day ?

LORD BYRON IN ITALY AND IN GREECE.*

THE new work of the Marquis di Salvo, "*Lord Byron en Italy et en Grèce*," takes up a subject which has been discussed by so many writers, and examined under such a variety of lights, with an originality, which shows that all of interest had not already been elicited from a theme apparently exhausted. The fact is, the Marquis has been actuated in the review he has taken of this remarkable man, and his brief and meteoric career, by motives totally distinct from those which have set in motion the pens of his several precursors in the same field : he has no social confidences to disclose ; no individual instances of familiarity to brag of ; no enemy to wound with the weapons of a dead man ; no females to persecute from society by the perpetuation of words which had better have died in the breathing : but he has a keen and inquisitive eye, which has anxiously, but candidly followed the operations of a brilliant, too often wandering mind. He has made Lord Byron his study—the good and the bright qualities which appertained to him, or which he seemed to possess, are brought forward with all the zeal of one who loves genius well enough to desire to see it coupled with virtue. Amongst the original matter in form of anecdote, with which this interesting work abounds, we select the following story :

'Lord Byron, walking one day with M. S. on the side of the Grand Canal, opposite the Shiavoni, observed two young women of the lower class, one of them tall, the other, who supported her companion, of the middle

size ; her appearance was decent, her features dazzlingly beautiful. For a moment she fixed her eyes upon the two strangers, as if to examine them ; and there was in her air something too noble and too imperious to fail in awakening the curiosity of the Poet. He has confessed himself, that he was disconcerted by it. He approached her nevertheless, and inquired her situation. "By what right do you question me ?" said she, stopping. "In the hope of being useful to you." "How ? By giving me money ? I do not ask it of you ! What has inspired you with the desire of being useful to me ? My face. But I have never made it the means of profit. When I want, I make use of my hands ; I work, and need depend on no one." This language confirmed the curiosity of Lord Byron, who immediately determined not to lose sight of this singular being. Without replying to observations too much stamped with the character of independence for him to hazard an attack on them, he asked her if she could read. The demand surprised her ; she mused a moment. "What a strange question !" she replied. "Who are you ?" "I am the Englishman who inhabits the old abbey of the Palazzo Mocenigo. "Is it you then," said she, regarding him fixedly, "who have given a pension to the family of the poor man who lost his life in saving your dog ?" These words produced considerable agitation in Lord Byron ; his emotion had a soothing effect on the pride of the young person, and as he made her no answer, she hastened to satis-

* *Lord Byron en Italie et en Grèce, &c. ; accompagné de Pièces inédites par le Marquis de Salvo. 3vo. pp. 369. London, Paris, and Strasbourn, 1825.*

fy his curiosity : " I can read," she said, " in my own language ;" and she uttered these words in a tone, which betrayed the wish to expiate the fault of having awakened in him a painful remembrance. As this conversation was taking place in the street, Lord Byron closed it, by requesting her to accompany him home ; and she complied. There was something very enigmatical in the expression of that young Venetian ; so much hauteur of character, as, in spite of the abject state to which she was reduced, commanded and inspired a sentiment, which, if it was not respect, closely resembled it. Arrived at the Palazzo Moccenigo, Lord Byron gave orders for her suitable accommodation, he wished to rescue her from the dangers to which her situation exposed her.* When the domestic retired, Celina averting her eyes, said, " Then I must never more quit this house. Once having entered it, I have lost the right to re-appear beyond its walls." And having thus said, she followed Baptiste, nor on that day did Lord Byron see her again. " I shall never, while I live," said the noble poet, " forget the expression of her countenance when she quitted me." Lord Byron lost no time in procuring for her a complete and elegantly furnished wardrobe, anticipating her delight, which he doubted not would be excessive. What then was his astonishment, when she entered his chamber, and in a very decided tone told him she would only accept from him the most simple dress, and that he ought to beware how he offered her such finery. " It is true," she said, " that being under your roof, it is necessary I should be properly dressed, but I came hither by choice, I did not sell myself. Beyond what is strictly proper, I accept nothing. I do not wish to be adorned ; I only desire to be dressed." Lord Byron mistook this for a manœuvre to obtain still more from him ; and therefore, a few days afterwards, presented her with a beautiful watch. Ce-

lina snatched it from him, and threw it on the floor disdainfully, repeating, " Sir, I do not sell myself ! What need have I to know the hour ? I know when you go out, and when you return—for the rest, my time is my own, and why should I reckon it ?" A valuable necklace, Lord Byron would fain have pressed upon her, shared the fate of the watch. " You would adorn me," she would often say ; " but I am resolved to remain what I am—when I wandered in the streets I was poor, but I beheld my country, and said within myself, she is like me, why should I seek a different destiny." Celina never suffered it to appear that she was flattered either by the praises or the attentions of Lord Byron ; when she entered his apartment it was always as one who knew how to be respected, and, which was somewhat singular, she never seemed disconcerted by conversation, however beyond the level of her information it might be. Lord Byron had quitted the town for a little excursion by sea beyond the Lagunes ; he was not returned, the night came on dark and threatening, and a violent storm arose. Celina terrified by his absence, ran along the bank of the canal, calling on his name—the rain fell in torrents ; nothing stopped her ; she never felt it : at length she heard the gondoliers, she listened, and knew his voice. " It is himself," cried she ; that exclamation escaped her, but instead of staying to perform a touching and brilliant scene of sighs and faintings, she flew to her chamber, changed her dress, and assumed an air of calmness. Lord Byron arrived ; " Are you here ?" he exclaimed, " I heard you—you called me !" " No," replied she, coldly. He could not believe her ; he conceived, that as she had often heard him express horror for every species of sentimental scene, she wished to conceal from him the one she had been acting ; but hers was not acting. Lord Byron at length arrived at the truth, and found that

* This is tolerably Italian :—EDIT.

Celina had not been able to resist her inquietude ; he touched her hair, it was wet—he was convinced. Perceiving herself discovered, Celina forbade him ever to utter a single word in allusion to the circumstance, and he obeyed. This woman exercised, by means of her character, a sort of magic power, and we may well believe Lord Byron was indebted to her for his aversion to the pleasures of Venice. “But for her,” said he to one of his friends, “I might have become one of the fops of the Café Florian—who knows? Perhaps even a Cicisbeo.” If the character of Celina had had in it less to excite fear, she might have fixed herself in his fancy ; but he was actually afraid of her. On one occasion, when business had obliged him to be for a few days absent, his surprise may be imagined, when, on his return, he found this woman, Celina, an individual taken from the lower class, seated at the desk, surrounded by his letters, the seals of which she had broken, and which she was employed in reading. He was speechless with astonishment ; she was perfectly calm : he could scarcely contain his indignation ; she regarded him with cold indifference. Lord Byron felt quite baffled by conduct so unexampled, and was at a loss how to express himself in this unwonted predicament. Celina, meanwhile, continued unperturbed ; she did not consider herself to blame, and without the least agitation, told him, that attached as she was to him, no secret *ought* to exist between them. “But you read En-

glish.” “The day after I came to you, I procured a grammar, and have employed the periods of your absence in taking lessons from your domestic. It is necessary I should be acquainted with your language, since, so long as I was ignorant of it, you could be for me little more than a stranger. All my occupations have one only end, that of being able to read what you write, and to comprehend what you say to others, and what others say to you. Tell me if I understand this letter ;” and she began to translate one of which she had broken the seal, to prove to him her progress. From that moment Lord Byron became terrified in examining the results to which such a character might lead—he had the weakness to apprehend a tragical *denouement*, and the strength to separate himself from her : he has since said, that “Celina was the only woman he had ever met, capable of commanding a man, and of making him tremble.” They have her portrait at Venice, and the name of Fornaretta is given to it. The anecdote is related, because by the acknowledgment of Lord Byron, Celina had some influence in deciding his departure from Venice.’

We can securely recommend this volume as one of both amusement and interest ; a little sentimentality ; a little straining after effect, occasionally mark the foreign writer ; but as a whole, we doubt whether it will not bear a comparison with any English works as yet published on this very attractive subject.

THE FALLEN STAR.

A STAR is gone ! a star is gone !
There is a blank in Heaven !
One of the cherub-choir has done
His aery course this even.

He sat upon the orb of fire
That hung for ages there :
And lent his music to the choir
That haunts the nightly air.

But when his thousand years were past,
With a cherubic sigh,
He vanish'd with his car at last,—
For even cherubs die.

Hear how his angel-brothers mourn,
The minstrels of the spheres !
Each chiming sadly in his turn,
And dropping splendid tears.

The planetary Sisters all
Join in the fatal song,
And weep their hapless brother's fall
Who sang with them so long.

But deepest of the choral band
The lunar Spirit sings,
And with a bass according hand,
Sweeps all her sullen strings.*

From the deep chambers of the dome
Where sleepless Uriel† lies,
His rude harmonic thunders come
Mingled with mighty sighs.

The thousand car-bound cherubim,
The wandering Eleven,
All join to chant the dirge of him
Who fell just now from heaven.

RURALIZING.

Your jays and your magpies may chatter in trees,
And whisper soft nonsense in groves if they please ;
But a house is much more to my mind than a tree,
And for groves—Oh ! a fine grove of chimnies for me.

SHENSTONE was certainly a pretty pastoral writer, and Thomson's Seasons are delightfully rural ; but for my part, give me Captain Morris, he was the poet after my own heart, united *judgment* with genius, and with him I exclaim, again and again, " Oh ! a fine grove of chimnies for me ! "

You must know, gentle reader, that I am a downright cockney, yea, thorough and legitimate, strictly born within sound of Bow bells, and most substantially convinced, in defiance of all conviction, that London is the largest, the richest, the best built, the most convenient, the most civilized, the most salubrious, the most—in short, the only place in the world ! and any one wearing indispensables, who dares to contradict me, (provided it be a *single* person, I war not with the fair sex,) I hereby challenge to single combat, and have accordingly left my name with the publisher, who has most obligingly consented in such a case to be my second. I am persuaded no half-pay officer can detest the sight of his tailor's bill more than I do the green fields, and I have no hesitation in affirming that I would rather vegetate in the closet court in the Temple all the dog-days, than luxuriate in all the pomp and circumstance of Highland costume, and

mountains of heather, forests of fir, foaming cataracts, the Tomb of Claverhouse, and the Cave of Fingal. Yes, such, O ye Caledonian Society ! is *my* taste, and such likewise was the taste of the great Samuel Johnson, I glory in proclaiming it !

I am a bachelor also. Heaven be praised for all things !—and as I detest the restraints and annoyances incurred by residing in a lodging house, or a family, especially where there are children, I have for the last fifteen years constantly lived in chambers. It is true, it might have been otherwise, but Miss Belinda Blubber—Heaven be praised, as I said before, for all things ! thought proper to refuse me, and I have been remarkably obliged to her ever since. She made poor Bonus a happy man soon after, and I have the inexpressible satisfaction to know that he has been, as Sir Peter Teazle expresses it, " the most miserable dog ever since."

With such ideas, such prejudices, I don't know how it was, but certain it is, that about three months ago, I was ass enough to accept an invitation to a friend's in Cumberland, a married man, mark ye ! with a plentiful family, who vowed he would take no excuse ; that I had long promised to favour him, and that he was delighted in the assurance that I should

* In the music of the spheres, the moon is said to contribute the gravest and most sonorous part of the harmony.

† Uriel,—the angel of the sun:

find myself so exceedingly happy in his *little Paradise*, as he called it, as to be induced to prolong my visit. Happy, ye groves of the Temple! ye bowers of single blessedness! Happy two hundred and eighty long miles from your bewitching shades! The idea was sacrilege! and sufficiently punished was I for following it.

But to proceed. After a most fatiguing and tiresome journey in the mail, during which, by the bye, it rained incessantly, and I was opposed to a Colonel in the Life Guards, whose unconscionable long legs annoyed me exceedingly, I arrived at my destination. Now, as I never take people by surprise, as well for their convenience as my own, I had apprized my friend of the precise hour he might expect me, hinting at the same time, that after I had made my *toilette*, a comfortable nick-nack or two, with a bottle of his best bee's wing, would not be particularly unacceptable.—Vain precaution! my letter lay unopened on the table of the most cheerless apartment I ever entered, my friend had been from home these two days, was not expected until morning, and, as the devil would have it! had the key of the cellar in his pocket. His wife, however, in a most deplorable *deshabille*, at length made her appearance, and after a thousand apologies for the pickle I had caught them in, informed me it was *washing day*! that there was nothing in the house, and that the butcher lived six miles off. However, she would do the best she could, and ordering a slipshod Abigail to show me into a room, where there was neither water, towel, nor soap, left me to contrive ways and means—for a guest I could easily perceive she wished at the Antipodes, for disturbing them so unseasonably. I shall not expatiate on the repast which followed. Few are ignorant of the delights of a family dinner in the suds' season. I shall merely observe that there was a stained table cloth, second-hand mutton, cape madeira, no port, and nine noisy urchins, ye gods! by way of desert. Well! of all annoyances, sure

the most annoying is the absurd custom of introducing children after dinner. At such a period their ways are to me any thing but winning. Their presence is a bar to all conversation, and one is forced by complaisance to notice the little wretches, when oftentimes—God forgive me!—But as I said before, I am a bachelor, and heaven be praised for all things!

The next morning, as expected, my friend returned; and after expressing his regret for being so unseasonably absent, and giving me a most cordial welcome, proposed, as the day was fine, that we should stroll to a neighbouring mountain, and enjoy the scenery. It was but seven miles, and though the road was somewhat of the roughest, and the ascent a little difficult, yet it was richly worth the trouble. Accordingly, off we set, scramble, scramble—now up precipices, now through brambles, at one time leaping a torrent, at another clinging to a furze bush, and all beneath the scorching influence of a meridian sun. At length, panting with heat, with an awkward aperture in the seat of my nankeens, and one foot tied up in a pocket-handkerchief, we reached the wished for summit, and were about to reap the reward of our exertions in the enjoyment of a *coup d'œil*, which my friend assured me was universally admitted by all connoisseurs in the picturesque to be surpassingly sublime. May be so. I had no opportunity of judging. Ere we could cast eyes around, a dingy cloud enveloped us, and instantly bursting, soaked us to the skin. This to a rheumatic subject was no joke. I by no means considered a shower bath administered in a glowing perspiration as a judicious prescription, and fearful of the consequences, immediately began to descend. In vain my companion opposed me, in vain protested it was clearing, and that in a few minutes the scene would burst upon us with double splendour from the effect of contrast. I persisted in returning, and on reaching my chamber, tossed off a bumper of cu-

racoa, and instantly went to bed, most particularly wishing all prospects at the devil, and my friend there to enjoy them. And here I swear by Gog and Magog! the giants of St Dunstan! the Grasshopper of Cornhill! and the Dragon of Bow! that while there are panoramas, dioramas, cosmoramas, naturamas, or any other *amas*, I will never go beyond the bills of mortality again to behold the finest prospect in the universe!

The effects of this cruel expedition confined me for a week. Mercy upon us! what drenchings did I undergo!—what “never ending still beginning” slops did I swallow! One would have thought my body the Augean stable, and my apothecary Hercules, who turned a river through it. This rascal, whom I grievously suspect to be a horse doctor, was determined to make the most of me, and what with powders, draughts, and boluses, aided by the ever ready broths, wheys, and gruels of my indefatigable hostess, I began to think in sober earnest that perpetual motion was discovered. Would this had been my sole annoyance! But unfortunately my friend took it into his head that I should be low-spirited without society, and notwithstanding my assurances to the contrary, persisted in giving me as much of his company as possible. Heavens! to what everlasting details was I obliged to listen! all about dogs, and horses, and ploughing matches, and vestry meetings! Subjects as interesting to me as craniology to an Esquimaux. At night, too, just as I had recovered my exhaustion of spirits, and had lost my sorrows in a refreshing slumber, so sure was I to be disturbed by the squalls of the infant in the nursery adjoining; these awoke the rest of the urchins, who sympathetically joined in chorus, and in the concert that followed, at which the great dog in the yard invariably assisted, I would have defied Morpheus himself, after a double dose of poppy water, to have “steeped his senses in forgetfulness.”

But health and aggravated miseries awaited me. We were invited, on my recovery, to take a family dinner at a neighbouring gentleman's. We were to come early, to make a long day of it, and as we had some distance to go, off we set, soon after breakfast, my hostess with two of the children and myself wedged into the whisky, while her *sposa*, on a superb hunter, full of spirit, and action, and with difficulty held in, curvetted by our side. We had not proceeded far, when one of the wheels, I forget which it is called, the *near one*, or otherwise—no great matter—it was on the right looking towards the horses, by some accident or other, suddenly encountered a post: a circumstance which so alarmed the lady, and gave her so bad an opinion of my skill in driving, that she instantly insisted upon my changing places with her husband, or she was certain the poor dear little ones would be killed. To vacate my seat I had no objection, to mount Plantagenet an insuperable one. To be sure I had sported equestrian before; but then it was either on a donkey at Brighton, or a hack at Hastings, very different style of animals, let me tell you, to Plantagenet. Plantagenet! What a name! There was something appalling in the very sound of it! Accordingly, after resigning the reins to my friend, I seized my Bucephalus by the bridle, and keeping him at a respectable distance, prepared to trudge it. But to this my companions would by no means consent. A visitor, and suffered to walk! The thing was impossible! perfectly inadmissible! I must either ride, or positively they would all keep me company. So finding resistance would be unavailing, and in all probability betray my fears, I even put a bold face upon the matter, and placing my foot in the stirrup, mounted the saddle, alas! with about much the same sensations, I suspect, as a criminal does the gallows. Oh! fatal step! Oh! climax of temerity! Even now, when I reflect on its degrading consequences my blood burns with indignation, and

my cheeks with shame. Oh! why did I—surpassing ass that I was!—quit my comfortable chambers, all their joys, conveniences, and luxuries! my morning paper, my protracted breakfast, my delicious idleness, my evening steak, my iced sports!—My chair too, my easy chair, that invention of inventions! within whose swan's down embraces even kings might sink, and amid the respected solitude of sported oak, repose, and dream of heaven! But I forget, I am at present sixteen hands and a half high, perched upon this cursed quadruped, more unmanageable than the Bonassus, and foaming at the mouth—heaven defend us! like a pot of porter.

I had scarcely attained this unwished for elevation, when, as some Zamiel willed it, a view-hollo struck on my affrighted ear, and in a few minutes the fox, followed by the leading hounds, and huntsmen, appeared in the ploughed field on our right. To clear the hedge, and dart among the foremost, was with Plantagenet the work of a moment, and in an agony of fear, with my hands mechanically fixed on the mane, and my heels insinuated into the poor animal's sides, I was soon borne beyond all competition, though not, alas! before the master of the hunt, enraged at my apparent presumption, had bestowed a hearty cut with his whip on my unfortunate *corpus*, as it passed him. I must decline further particulars. Any one in the neighbourhood of Keswick can narrate them. Indeed, I am given to understand that a certain Lake Poet, remarkable alike for his simplicity and pathos, is now

actually employed on the subject, and will, I have great hopes, in a few weeks favour us with a fresh excursion, which will, of course, in a considerable degree console me for my disgrace. Suffice it, after swimming three rivers, clearing a double hedge, to the unspeakable astonishment of a location of gipsies beneath, and dashing through a crowded market place, to the utter discomfiture of divers ducks, pigs, and old women, I was at length safely deposited, to my inexpressible satisfaction, in the welcome embraces of a horsepond.

Illustrious Gilpin! connubial Trunion! and thou devoted *sufferer* of Brentford! say! can *your* exploits compete with this?—No, no, I know, I feel that I am the very bathos of the ridiculous, the ass of asses! Amid shouts of laughter, insulting pity, and ironical congratulation, I sneaked to an adjoining inn, and after inditing a hasty epistle to my friend, and consigning the unconscious cause of my misfortune to the care of my landlord, shot into a chaise by the back door, and in eight and forty hours reached London.

City of cities! paragon of paragons! Emporium of all that is great and good, and joyous and magnificent, the abode of luxury, and monopolizer of enjoyment, all hail! Welcome, thrice welcome is thy bilious atmosphere! I venerate the sooty smack of it. It steals over my delighted senses like "the sweet south," and if ever again I break thy halcyon bounds, may a sluttish wife, thirteen children, and a *cottage ornee* on the wrong side of Tyburn turnpike, be my portion.

THE WHITE WOLF.

FROM THE "MAGIC RING" OF DE LA MOTTE FOUQUE.

IN the remote northern land of our Teutonic brethren, called Sweden, there still exist many tribes immersed in heathenish idolatry, and exposed to the influence of the blackest witchcraft. This is more espe-

cially the case with those dwelling on the borders of Finland; since their neighbours know no better than to invoke spirits and demons, and to imprecate on their enemies all kinds of evils, both of body and soul, in

the most fearful terms. Just upon the Finnish confines lies a roundish hill, covered, on the Swedish side, with thick underwood, and on the other by an impenetrable, dismal forest of pines, which grow so thickly, that the smaller birds can hardly wing their way through the closely interwoven branches. At the foot of the hill, on this side, stands a chapel, containing the image of the holy St George, which is stationed there in the desert as a protection against these miserable blind Pagans; on the other side, at the foot of the pine forest, are the huts of some fearful magicians, and there is also a cavern which leads deep into the bowels of the mountain, and, as it is said, is an entrance to the fiery gulphs of hell itself.

The few Swedish Christians, who live in that far country, thought it needful to have, besides the powerful protection of the saint, against their malicious neighbours, a bold and manful guardsman; and for this purpose, they chose, for the especial service of the holy St George, and as an inhabitant of the chapel hermitage, an old and far-famed warrior, who had in his age become a monk. When this devout man went to inhabit this desolate abode, his young and gallant son persisted in accompanying him: he watched with him, prayed with him, and could no more be persuaded to quit his side than when on the battle-field. Thus they led a right holy and edifying life.

It happened once, as the young man went forth on the hill to get wood, taking with him for that purpose a sharp axe, besides his trusty sword—for, on account of the numberless fierce and wild animals that were to be found in these woods, the two warriors had obtained permission from our holy church to bear still their knightly weapons—he was passing through the thickest part of the underwood, and already saw the dark tops of the pines rearing themselves over the summits of the bushes—so near was he to the boundary—a large white wolf rushed out of an

adjacent thicket towards him so furiously, that he could only just spring on one side, and, as he had not time to draw his sword, he hurled his axe at the beast. His aim was fortunate, and the wolf with his fore-foot nearly crushed, fled, howling, back again into the wood. The young soldier, however, thought to himself, “it is not enough that I am preserved, it is my duty to prevent any one else from being injured by this creature, or even from being frightened by it.” He therefore immediately sprang through the thicket, and on overtaking the creature, he struck a blow with his sword so strongly and so surely on its head, that it fell moaning to the ground; but he no sooner saw the success of his stroke, than he felt a sudden and a strange compassion in his heart for the wounded beast, and, instead of despatching it, he raised it from the earth, bound up its wounds with moss and twigs, and even carried it home with him to his hut, in the hope that he should succeed in restoring it, and finally, by kindness, render it domestic.

On his return, he found his father from home, and with the greatest anxiety he laid his strange burden upon his own mossy couch, which had at the foot the figure of the patron-saint cut in the wall, and went immediately to the hearth of the humble dwelling, to prepare a healing salve for the wound of the unfortunate animal. While he was thus occupied, it seemed to him as though he heard a human voice uttering a distinct moan from the bed behind him; and great was his astonishment on turning towards the place to see a beautiful young virgin in the place of the wolf! The damsel had a deep sword-wound in her forehead, from which the blood was streaming through her golden locks; while her right arm, so fair and delicate, lay stretched by her side motionless, as disabled by his axe.

“For mercy’s sake, I pray you,” said she, as he approached her, do not kill me quite; the little life you

have left me is dreadful enough, and cannot last long, yet still it is a thousand times better than death." The young man knelt weeping by her couch, and she told him that she was the daughter of a magician on the other side of the mountain, who had sent her, transformed into a wolf, to gather herbs for his charms; that she had obeyed with fear and reluctance. "Then thou crushedst my arm," continued she, writhing as she spoke, "and yet I did not mean thee any evil." How she had been restored to her own form she knew not; but to the young hero it was clear, that the proximity of the saint's image must have dissolved the enchantment.

While the son was kneeling by her side, and endeavouring to soothe her fear, the father returned to the hut, and was soon given to understand what had happened. He, also, perceived that the heathen maiden had been disenchanted out of her wolf's form by the saint; and that his son, in return, was but too much bewitched already by her beauty. From that time he devoted his whole attention to effect her spiritual cure, whilst the young soldier watched over the restoration of her health with the most anxious fondness; and, as both succeeded to the utmost of their wishes, it was resolved that the lovers should marry and return together to the world.

The maiden having perfectly recovered, the day for her solemn baptism and subsequent marriage was fixed, when the youthful pair wandered together, one fine summer evening, into the wood. The sun was still high in the heavens, and shone so warmly through the stems of the beech trees on the green grass, that, not wearied by their walk, they determined to prolong it and to penetrate still further into the forest. The bride related to her betrothed the adventures of her early life, and sang some songs which she had learned in childhood. They were sweet and melancholy, and though many of them appeared idolatrous and heathenish to her lover, he could not

resolve to ask her to desist; first, because every thing she did was dear to him, and then she sung so sweetly, and so clearly, that the whole wood seemed to rejoice in the sound of her voice. At length he perceived the black tops of the fatal pines, and expressed a desire to return, that they might avoid approaching nearer to that detested territory; but his bride replied, "My dearest heart, I pray you let us go nearer, I would fain see once again the spot where thou woundedst me in the head and arm, and madest a captive of me, to work a holy cure both of body and mind—we must be now near the place." While searching in every direction for the spot, it became quite dark—the sun had set, and as the moon arose, the lovers stood close upon the fatal boundary, if not even a little beyond it; and sorely was the bridegroom alarmed, when he felt his cap struck off his head by the branch of one of the pine trees, as he walked beneath them. Suddenly, every thing around became animated; multitudes of owls, goblins, sprites, witches, gnomes, and other forms still more appalling, which the lover perceived without knowing whence they came, danced a fearful dance; and after some time, during which the maiden had been looking on, she set up an eldritch laugh, and mingled in the insane circle. In vain did her poor lover pray and beseech her to return. She regarded him not, and mingled only so much the more in the profane throng, till he could no longer distinguish her; and in his endeavours to seize her hand to draw her away, he found that he had taken hold of a frightful hag, who straight wound her grey and broad veil around him and frustrated his efforts to disentangle himself, while several gnomes seized him by the arms, and endeavoured to draw him down with them into the black abyss below. Fortunately, however, he had time to cross himself, and to call on the name of our Saviour; and, instantly, the fantastic group fled in all directions with yells

and shrieks, and he found himself, on recovering, on the Swedish side of the frontier, under the shade of the copse wood, preserved from their malice ; but his intended bride had disappeared with the fiends, and vain were all his efforts to recover her. Often did he come to the frontier line and call on her, and with tears beg her to return, but she heeded him not. Frequently did he see her glide among the stems of the pines, as though engaged in a chace, but ever accompanied by hateful forms and monsters, and she herself wild and distracted in her appearance.

From that time, day by day, he became more and more silent. He at length ceased to seek for her, and the only answer he gave to any question that was put to him, was "She is gone up into the hill there ;" so little did he seem to be conscious of any thing in the world, except the loss of his beloved. Overcome by his grief, he at last pined to death. His father,

at his dying request, dug him a grave on the spot where he had first seen and last been torn from his mistress ; and during the old man's labour, he had sorely to strive, now with the cross and prayers against the evil spirits of the place, and now with his sword against the wild beasts of the wood, which were set on him by the accursed magicians ; but he ultimately triumphed over all their efforts, and effected his object. It seems as though the unhappy bride had, after the burial of her devoted lover, begun to mourn the loss of one she had so cruelly forsaken ; for often, down in the vale, a wild howling and mournful cry, as of wolves, arose from the spot ; but amidst the noise a human voice could be distinguished clearly. I myself, in the long and dark winter-nights, have often heard it, while on duty near the place ; and with mingled feelings of grief and horror, I have blessed the power that preserved me from the mournful fate of this faithful and unhappy lover.

ST JAMES'S PALACE.

ST JAMES' PALACE was originally an hospital, founded by some pious citizens before the conquest, and designed for fourteen leprous maids, who desired to lead a godly life, and for eight brethren to read holy service to them. This loathsome disease was brought into England by pilgrims who resorted to the Holy Land, previous to the Crusades. Henry IV. is said to have retired to a house, formerly belonging to King John, at Deptford, whilst under cure of this disgusting complaint ; but a late author, Gough, discredits the story, which he affirms to be an invention of the monkish writer of the life of Archbishop Scroope, who says, this was a judgment for the condemnation of this venerable prelate, without trial. The tale, whether true or false, proves the great prevalence of the disorder.

At the suppression of monasteries, St James's was surrendered to the King, Henry VIII., in 1531, who erected on its scite the present palace, which Stow calls "a goodly manor." It does not appear this residence was inhabited by any of the English monarchs until after the fire at White Hall. James I. presented it to his accomplished son Henry, whose untimely death occasioned so much calamity to England ; his unfortunate brother, Charles I., was brought here from Windsor when the Parliament had determined on his death ; and James II. was compelled to make an offer of the palace for the accommodation of William of Nassau, who accepted the invitation, intimating at the same time the expediency of vacating the neighbouring residence at White Hall ; to which the father-in-law of the new sove-

reign was obliged to submit. During the life time of William III. St James's was allotted to the Princess Anne and her husband, Prince George of Denmark. She held her court in it, when queen; and three of her successors regularly employed it for the same purpose. Pennant observes, that *uncreditable* as the outside of St James's may look, it is said to be the most commodious, for regal parade, of any palace in Europe.

Amid the numberless amusing anecdotes which might be collected during the residence of the Georges, there are few more diverting than the stratagem resorted to by Queen Caroline, who used to plant herself at a small window, which overlooked the court wherein the lodgings of Lady Suffolk were situated, and, by that means, detected the private visits of those noblemen and gentlemen, who were unwise enough to esteem the influence of the mistress superior to that of the wife; an error which she never failed to punish by effectually impeding their preferment. To the architect who designed it, we are indebted for the drama, which has just been the subject of our thoughts, the witty songs in the Beggar's Opera had never been written, had not the queen espied the author and his patron in close attendance on her rival.

Frederick, Prince of Wales, when upon civil terms with his parents, formed a company of soldiers, consisting of courtiers' sons, to which he declared himself corporal, and as such relieved guard between the acts of the Indian Emperor, performed before their Majesties and the Court,

in the great ball-room. St James's Palace is closely associated with the fashions of the last century, with hoops, and powder, and embroidered coats, with which the imagination is pleased, though the judgment submits to the alteration which a purer taste has introduced.

To that diligent chronicler of his times, Horace Walpole, we are obliged for the account of the arrival of the late Queen Charlotte at St James's Palace. So long a period has elapsed since the introduction of a queen to the throne of England, that the ceremonial attached to it must be imperfectly known, except by the few who are thoroughly versed in all the formula of court etiquette. Walpole enlightens us a little on the subject: he says, in one of his letters to General Conway,

"The queen looks very sensible, cheerful, and is remarkably genteel. Her tiara of diamonds was very splendid, her stomacher of diamonds sumptuous: she wore a violet velvet mantle trimmed with ermine. She talks a great deal, is very civil, and not disconcerted. She was pleased when she was to kiss the peeresses, but Lady Aguste was forced to take her hand and give it to those who were to kiss it, which was pretty, humble, and good natured. While they waited for supper, she sate down, sung, and played. You don't presume to suppose that we are thinking of you, and wars, and misfortunes in these festival times; Mr Pitt himself would be mobbed if he talked of any thing else but clothes, and jewels, and bridemaids."

VARIETIES.

CRITICAL RECIPROCITY.

SEVERAL years ago, in a mixed company, as it is called—that is to say, at a social dinner party, where ladies and gentlemen, (or, in other words, *wit* and *beauty*) were cheerfully mingled, and where champagne and claret gave zest to the bloom of the former and the intellects of the

latter, the late Mr Dallas (of reviewing memory), who happened to be one of the brilliant assemblage, warmed and inspired—more, of course, by the bright eyes of the ladies, than the sparkling contents of the occasionally-circling glass, began to be beautifully eloquent upon the subject of his own works; and, among other

wonderful productions of his genius, was expatiating, in delightful anticipations, on the approaching publication of some novel, I believe it was, which he had, at that time, in the press. The subject, of course, was exceedingly interesting to all around: and one of the ladies present, who happened to have a very amiable facility in that most poignant of female accomplishments called bantering, desirous that an eloquence so agreeable should not flag for lack of excitement, somewhat archly interrupted him, by asking, whether he was not a little afraid of the envious ill-nature of reviews?—"Reviews!" replied Mr D. "Oh! not at all! my friend, Mr Pratt, will review it for me."—"Your friend Mr P.!" said the lady, smiling; "but will *he* review it impartially?"—"Oh! as for that," rejoined Mr D., "he will review my book for me, as I shall review one for him!"

TO IMPROVE GUNPOWDER.

Having, some time since, had occasion to make some trials of the strength of different samples of Gunpowder, and ruminating on the phenomenon of expansion of air, the accounts illustrative of which I consider no way satisfactory, the ideas I formed on the subject led me to the conclusion, that oil added to gunpowder might possibly increase the expansive power of the latter, and, upon trial, this appeared to me to be the case. I half filled a tin cylindrical two-ounce snuff canister with gunpowder, on the top of which I poured some locksmith's oil; then, with the cover on, I shook the powder until the whole had become similar in colour, and no appearance of moisture remained. On comparative trials, I found the oiled powder stronger than the same powder not oiled: but not having a regular powder proof, I was obliged to decide to the best of my judgment, which may possibly have been influenced by an inclination to flatter myself that I had fallen upon a discovery that might be productive of some general good. I am of opinion, from the appearance of the oiled

powder, after long keeping, and although excluded from air, that it deteriorates faster than powder not oiled. I judged so from its effects in the fire, as well as from its novel whitish appearance, as if some small degree of efflorescence had taken place, which, if so, would be greater in a less confined situation. But, if the conjecture be not altogether imaginary, that *newly* oiled powder is improved by the process, it is probable some advantage might be taken of the hint in the application in mining, but most particularly in the blasting of rocks.

IMPROVEMENT IN DRAWING IRON AND STEEL WIRE.

The acid liquor used in pickling iron-wire during the drawing of it, requiring to be warmed, at an eminent manufactory, ingots of brass, lying at hand, were accordingly heated red-hot and quenched in the liquor; the consequence of this was, that a portion of copper in the brass became dissolved in the liquor, and was precipitated upon the surface of the iron-wire pickled in it. It was found that the wire thus coated passed through the holes in the plates with remarkable facility, it requiring to be annealed much less frequently than before, owing, no doubt, to the copper preventing the action of the plate upon it, so as to gall or fret it, and, in fact, lubricating it as it were. The head of this manufactory has since constantly availed himself of the use of a weak solution of copper in iron and steel wire drawing. The slight coat of copper is entirely got rid of in the last annealing process.

COPPER OBTAINED VIA HUMIDA.

Copper precipitated from its solution by whatever agent, is always in the state of a fine loose powder. The following facts observed by M. Mollerat in his manufactory for making vinegar from wood, in Burgundy, will show that an ingot of copper may be formed *via humida*. In a series of operations for preparing sulphate of copper by calcining copper with sulphur, solutions of the sul-

phate are obtained, which become turbid by the separation of an insoluble sub-sulphate. They are placed in a tub half buried in the ground in order to become clear. It is against the interior sides of this tub, and always at the junction of two staves, that small buttons of metallic copper are observed to form, which gradually increase in size, and which doubtless ultimately become considerable masses. The chemical action by which the copper is revived is easily explained. The proto-sulphate of copper which unquestionably exists in the solution, in passing to the state of deuto-sulphate deposits its base, which gives up its oxygen acid, to form the new salt. It is not however, this part of the phenomenon which appears most remarkable, but the cohesion, acquired by the copper so precipitated from the midst of a solution, a cohesion which is so great as to allow the metal to be hammered in the cold and reduced to thin leaves, and whose specific gravity is equal to that of fused copper.

GERMANY.

It is asserted, in the official gazette of Berlin, that in the course of the seven years, between 1816 and 1822, there has been a mortality throughout the Prussian states, of 2,138,024 persons only; while the births have been 3,346,412: so that the population had an increase of 1,208,388, of which number 237,470 were illegitimate. The total population of the Prussian States, comprising the military, amounted, at the end of 1822, to 11,663,177.

SWIMMING SOLDIERS.

In a recent work on swimming, and its application to the art of war, by M. le Vicomte de Courtivron, a French field-officer, he recommended the formation of a company of swimming soldiers in every regiment, and describes the various important duties of which they would be capable, among which is even that of conducting cannon placed on rafts to any desired position!

SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL.

Several attempts have been made to introduce on the French stage, Sheridan's *School for Scandal*. It has at last been transformed into a melodrama and reduced to three acts. In this shape it seems to have met the taste of the Parisians. "For the tenth time," says one of the feuilletons, "this comedy has been copied, imitated, torn to pieces on our stage." Nothing is more dramatic than the scene in which, in the house of the hypocrite, the husband is in a closet and the wife behind a screen. This scene, and the preceding one, which represents a situation similar to that of *Elmire* and *Tartufe* in Molière's comedy, even though feebly acted, never fail to produce a great effect.

ANTIQUITIES.

There is a small close near the village of Langham, in Rutland, which, for many centuries, has been known by the name of the Chapel Close, and it is supposed, from the rise of the ground in one part of it, that formerly a Romish chapel stood upon the spot. There are no records giving an account of it, but it is thought to have been destroyed long before the Reformation. In making a pit, through the spot, for stone to repair the roads, the workmen have found, at different times, eight complete human skeletons, one of which measured considerably more than six feet from the skull to the bottom of the leg-bone, and at the bottom of the arm-bone lay a ring, which is supposed to have been on the finger of the deceased. No remains of a coffin of any kind have been found. The ring was so much decayed that it broke into pieces. They have likewise found five pieces of silver coin, about the size of an old sixpence, but are worn very thin. There is an ancient figure of some monarch on them, with a Latin inscription hardly visible. One figure seems like that of some saint. A small copper coin, the size of a farthing, has also been dug up; the date is much defaced, but seems to be 850, which

makes it near a thousand years old, and it is therefore supposed to have been coined in the reign of Athelwolf, who died in 856.—A great deal of melted lead and slate have been found, and some small bits of beautiful pavement, &c.

ARTIFICIAL STONE.

Mr. Joseph Aspdin, of Leeds, Eng. has taken out a patent for a new mode of producing an Artificial Stone or Cement, for the covering of buildings. He calls it Portland Cement, from its resemblance to Portland stone: its component parts are as follow:—A given quantity of limestone, of the kind usually employed for mending roads, is to be pulverized by beating or grinding, or it may be taken from the road in a pulverized state, or in the state of puddle: this, when dried, is to be calcined in a furnace in the usual way. A similar quantity of argillaceous earth or clay is then to be mixed in water with the calcined limestone, and the whole perfectly incorporated, by manual labour or by machinery, into a plastic state. This mixture is then to be placed in shallow vessels for the purpose of evaporation, and is to be submitted to the action of the air, the sun, or the heat of fire, or steam conducted by pipes or flues under the pans of evaporating vessels. This composition, when in a dry state, is to be broken into lumps of suitable sizes, and is then to be calcined again in a furnace similar to a lime-kiln, till the carbonic acid has been entirely expelled. The mixture so prepared is then to be pulverized by grinding or beating, and, when reduced to a fine powder, is in a fit state for use, and with the addition of so much water as will be sufficient to bring it into the consistency of mortar, will, when applied to its purpose, make a compact and durable artificial stone, equal to the Portland stone itself.

BOILING POINT OF FLUIDS.

From some experiments and observations lately made, it would appear that the *boiling point* of water and

other fluids, is by no means so uniform, under equal degrees of pressure, as has generally been imagined; for it seems fully established that the introduction of any solid matter, such as chips of wood, bits of glass, metallic particles, &c. into a heated fluid will cause it to boil up, that is, to discharge *vapour*, at a lower temperature than it otherwise would have done. Something of this kind has, we believe, for a considerable time been practised by the keepers of steam-engines, for the purpose of accelerating and augmenting the disengagement of the steam, but without being well understood or attracting much attention; lately, however, the fact has as it were forced itself into notice, and it has already been proposed to take advantage of it in the process of distillation, to which it may in all probability be very happily applied.

ORIENTAL AIR.

AZIM, my lover,
Came down from the mountain,
While morning blew over
The night-risen fountain.
He fain would be telling
The tale of his sorrow,
But cool airs were swelling,—
I fled, with "good morrow,"
The limbs of a maiden
All fresh from their sleep,
No tale that might sadden,
From fleeting will keep.

But now the broad palm-leaves
Are silent as death,
And heaven's hot calm leaves
Me panting for breath.
The fruits are unshaken,
Unruffled the flowers;
No song-bird can waken
In these glowing bowers;
I've no power of roaming
From under this bough!
Should Azim be coming,
I *must* hear him now.

CHAIN BRIDGE.

A chain bridge, the first of its kind in Russia, is about to be constructed over the canal at Moska. It will be executed after the design of Colonel Dufour of Geneva, who has sent to St Petersburg a correct model of one which he erected in his own country last year.